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The Mercury

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Established June 1768, and is now in
its one hundred and sixty-seventh year.
It is the oldest newspaper in the Union,
and with less than half a dozen exceptions,
the oldest printed in the English lan-
guage. It is a large quarto weekly of
forty-eight columns, filled with interest-
ing reading—editorial, State, local and
general news, well selected miscellany,
and valuable, accurate and household
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Local Matters

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thursday was an ideal day for
Thanksgiving, a little warmer than
the average perhaps, and the people
made the most of it. There was
not a great deal going on during the
day, but many family parties made
merry on this festive occasion, and
the big turkey was much in evidence.
The poor were not forgotten, for a
number of societies made their regu-
lar distribution of Thanksgiving din-
ners, and tried to make sure that no
one was overlooked.

In the afternoon Mrs. Frederick W.
Vanderbilt gave her annual dinner to
the news and messenger boys of the
city, and as usual the affair was well
patronized. There was plenty to eat,
and plenty of music. Mr. Charles A.
Hall, having charge of the boys, and
singing himself that they could both
eat and sing. There was a distribu-
tion of fruit and candy at the close
of the dinner.

There were the usual union church
services in the morning, the Episcopal
pal churches uniting at Emmangel,
where Rev. Truman Hemmingsway, Chap-
lain of St. George's School, delivered
the sermon. The other Protestant
churches united at the Second Baptist
Church, where the preacher was
Rev. Wilbur Nelson of the First Bap-
tist. The congregations were of
good size at both places.

There were a number of athletic
events during the day, one of the
most interesting being the annual
football match between the Rogers
High School team and the Alumni.
The latter came out the winners on a
muddy field. In the evening, there
was a boxing carnival at the State
Armory under the auspices of New-
port Post of the American Legion.
The attendance was very good.

The Newport Gas Light Company
has engaged the services of Mr. Er-
nest V. Howe as superintendent of
manufacture and distribution, and he
will begin his new duties on Novem-
ber 1st. Mr. Howe is a man of wide
experience in the gas field, and is
already familiar with the Newport
plant, having installed some of the
apparatus there. Mr. Thomas Ayls-
worth, who has been with the Com-
pany for about forty-five years, has
been placed on the retired list, but
will continue to act in an advisory ca-
pacity.

On Wednesday the State Senate of
three members, two Democrats and
one Republican voted two to one to
order the "exiled" senators to return
to the state house by Friday, and the
Lieut. Governor issued his orders to
the sheriff to go and get them. The
sheriff calmly replied that the order
is illegal and that he will pay no
attention to it. And he did not.

Mr. Edward Parrish, for many
years connected with the office of the
United States Engineers in this city,
gave a very interesting talk before
the Rotary Club on Tuesday on the
development of Newport harbor. He
explained the work that had been done
here in the past, and explained the
rather curious formation of the bot-
tom of the harbor.

CITY ELECTION

The city election for the choice of
a Mayor, Board of Aldermen, Rep-
resentative Council and School Com-
mittee, will take place on Tuesday,
next, and the campaign is now on
in full force. While there are con-
tests for practically all the offices,
the principal fight is for the office of
Mayor, where Mortimer A. Sullivan
and Herbert W. Smith are waging
a lively contest. Both have secured
headquarters and both have strong
committees backing them. The speak-
ing campaign is now on in full force,
and the two Mayoralty candidates
have addressed the people several
times. The attendance has been good,
and considerable interest is in evi-
dence.

The vote at the city election will
probably fall far behind that cast at
the national election three weeks
ago. Many of the women voters are
not listed as taxpayers, so that they
can vote only for the Mayor and
School Committee, but not for the
Aldermen and Councilmen. There
is not as yet a great deal of activ-
ity in the Aldermanic campaign, al-
though the various candidates are
doing considerable work in a quiet
way. Alderman Martin, from the
fifth ward, is the only one who has
no opposition.

The board of canvassers held their
final canvass meeting on Tuesday,
when the voting lists were certified
and are now being printed. It had
been thought possible that many of
the names that had been removed
from the taxpaying list previous to
the State election, because of un-
paid taxes, might be restored before
the next election, but only a little
over a hundred had paid their taxes
in the meantime. It was formerly
the practice for the political parties
to see that these taxes were paid,
but because of the absence of parties
in the city campaign, and also be-
cause of the lack of money, this cus-
tom has ceased, and the city loses
considerable money in consequence.

There are some names on the bal-
lots for this election, and it will take
some time for each voter to cast his
ballot. To exercise his full prerogative,
it will be necessary for him to
mark a cross against 23 names or
more, selecting these 23 from a long
list of names without any party de-
signations to help him in his choice.
Where there are vacancies to be
filled in the Representative Council,
the total number of crosses will
exceed twenty-three. Each voter
can select his candidate for Mayor,
four members of the School Com-
mittee, five members of the Board of
Aldermen, and thirteen members of
the Representative Council, plus the
number of vacancies in the Council.
It can be seen that time will be re-
quired for each voter to mark his bal-
lot intelligently, and as the voting
space in the various wards is decid-
edly limited, there is a possibility of
much congestion. If next Tuesday
should be stormy it would be very
unpleasant for those who may be
compelled to wait in line for their
turn. But early voting will be
highly desirable because of the like-
lihood of congestion at the last min-
ute.

In addition to the 24 names to be
voted for, there are also wardens
and clerks to be elected in each vot-
ing district, which adds still more
to the time to be consumed.

The transportation committee of
the Chamber of Commerce will hold
a public hearing at the City Hall on
the evening of December 5, in regard
to the operation of the steamer Gen-
eral during the summer months. For
the past two summers the steamer
has been operated under an agree-
ment that the City of Newport
should contribute to the expense by
rebating taxes to the amount of
approximately \$10,000. This agree-
ment has now expired, and before
renewing it the committee wishes to
obtain the sentiment of the commu-
nity regarding the matter.

Rallies in the interest of Herbert
W. Smith for Mayor will be held
at the Colonial Theatre on Saturday
afternoon and evening. The after-
noon affair will be more especially for
women, but all will be welcome. Mr.
H. A. Titus will preside.

FREDERICK HARRY

Mr. Frederick Harry, who had been
employed as coachman in private
families in Newport for nearly fifty
years, died on Thursday, at his home
on Hunter avenue. He was in his
sixty-fourth year and had been con-
fined to his home for a number of
weeks, during which he had failed
steadily, although hopeful of recov-
ery, almost until the last.

Mr. Harry was a native of Devon-
shire, England, but came to this coun-
try nearly fifty years ago. Soon af-
terward he came to Newport and the
greater part of his life was devoted
to the care of horses, of which he was
very fond. He was employed as
coachman by Morris K. Jessup,
Lewis Cass Ledyard, and Mrs. Sarah
T. Zabriske. For the last few years
he had been employed as watchman
at the shops of the New England
Steamship Company. He was well
known about the city and had many
friends.

He is survived by a widow and
three sons, Messrs. T. Frederick,
John Martin, and William Herbert
Harry, and one daughter, Mrs. Ed-
ward G. Metcalf of Providence.

MIRTHQUAKE NEXT WEEK

Kolah Grotto Mirthquake will hold
the boards at the Colonial Theatre
next Thursday, Friday and Saturday
evenings, when an elaborate enter-
tainment will be staged under pro-
fessional direction for the benefit of
Kolah Grotto. A large committee,
headed by Monarch C. Edwards, Par-
num, has been working on the pro-
ject for some time, and the large
company has now reached a state of
proficiency that promises a rare en-
tertainment for the opening night.
The costumes will be elaborate and
the stage settings will be the most
striking that have been seen in New-
port for a long time.

On Wednesday evening next it is
proposed to hold a street parade,
headed by the Grotto Band and Drum
Corps, and comprising the members
of the cast. The Mirthquake Booster
will appear next Monday evening,
and will give much information about
the entertainment, as well as about
the Grotto itself.

UNITY CLUB

The first dramatic reading of the
season before the Unity Club was
enjoyed by a large audience on
Tuesday evening, when the amusing
comedy, "Kempy," was presented
by a cast under the direction of Mrs.
Alvah H. Sanborn. This was an ex-
aggerated portrayal of family life in
a small city, and the amusing dia-
logue kept the audience in a roar of
laughter throughout the evening.

The cast included Miss Marie
Spooner, Miss Dorothy Sanford, Mrs.
Alta C. Sanborn, Miss Lois Leigh
Sanborn, Mr. Howard Goss, Mr. Earl
Washburn, Mr. Raymond Taylor and
Mr. Alvah H. Sanborn.

The next reading will be on De-
cember 12 and will be in charge of
Mr. Earl Washburn.

There was a hearing before Judge
Barrows in the Superior Court in
Providence on Wednesday on the pe-
tition of the Newport Electric Corpo-
ration to restrain the owners of the
bus line between Newport and Fall
River from further operation of their
service. The question seemed to
hinge on the right of the State to
enact laws that interfere with inter-
state travel. No decision was ren-
dered, but the attorneys were al-
lowed until Monday to file briefs.
This case had been heard in part by
Judge Sumner in Newport.

The various sub-committees of
the Committee of 25 are hard at work
making up their estimates for the
budget of 1925. Several meetings
have already been held, and the full
committee will be called together to
receive preliminary reports in a short
time.

Newport Electric Corporation for
permission to operate a bus line be-
tween Newport and Providence by
way of Fall River, has been post-
poned until December 10th by the
Public Utilities Commission of the
State.

SUPERIOR COURT

The October session of the Superior
Court, which began on October 6,
has continued up to the beginning of
the December session, which will
begin next Monday. Judge Baker
presided as long as he was able to
remain in Newport, and then gave
place to Judge Sumner, who has
heard many jury cases and also de-
voted a week to equity and other
cases in which juries were not re-
quired.

The docket for the December ses-
sion does not appear to be as long
as some others, even the new divorce
cases being rather fewer than in
other times. Jurors have been sum-
moned, the grand jurors to report on
Monday, and the petit jurors on
Wednesday. It does not appear that
there will be a great deal of business
for the grand jury to consider.

The new divorce cases are as fol-
lows: Ruth May Haskins vs. Ray-
mond Maurice Haskins, Antonio
Lima vs. Estephonia Gonsalves
Lima, Evelyn L. Hubbard vs. Charles
E. Hubbard, Clara Gregson vs. Percy
Gregson, Herbert F. Hammond vs.
Olive M. Hammond, Edna Durfee vs.
Andrew J. Durfee, Mary Frances
Flannery vs. Joseph A. Flannery,
Agnes M. Marshall vs. John H. Mar-
shall.

Monday and Tuesday were devoted
to the trial of the Muenchinger will
case before a jury. Many witnesses
were called for both sides. The
plaintiff claimed that it was the ex-
pressed intention of the testatrix to
provide for her niece and that the
will was written while Mrs. Muen-
chinger was under the influence of
the principal legatee, Burton J. Bald-
win. On the other hand, it was
claimed that the testatrix was a
woman of unusually strong mind,
that Mr. Baldwin exercised no influ-
ence over her, and that she had no
intention of providing for the niece
other than to give her an education
that would fit her to support herself.

The case went to the jury on
Tuesday, and after being out for
some time, the foreman reported that
they were unable to reach an agree-
ment. It was stated that the jury
was divided, seven to five, but which
side the majority favored was not
announced. The jury were dis-
charged from further consideration of
the case.

The next case was William J.
Lacey vs. Blanche Colley, alias, a
civil action to recover damages as
the result of an automobile accident.
Plaintiff claimed that while he was
employed at the Howard Garage on
East Bowery street, the defendant
drove her car in the garage in such
a way that he was pinned against the
wall and suffered serious injury.
Dr. Stewart testified to treating
the plaintiff and told of the extent of
his injuries. Many witnesses were
called.

GEORGE H. SWAN

Mr. George H. Swan, who died in
New Haven, Conn., last Saturday, was
a former Newporter, and made his
home in this city for many years.
Some eighteen years ago he went to
New Haven to make his home with
his son. He was engaged in business
as a carpenter for many years, until
advancing age made it impossible to
continue at his trade. He was in his
ninety-first year. He was a brother
of the late John M. Swan, and of the
late James O. Swan. He is survived
by one son, Mr. George Theodore
Swan, of New Haven, and one
daughter, Mrs. Walter S. Langley,
of this city.

The annual roll call of the Red
Cross has been in progress this week,
and a considerable sum of money
has been raised, but it looks as if
the drive might run behind that of
last year, unless more generous re-
sponses are received before the end
of the week. This is a most worthy
cause and should have the hearty
support of the people of Newport.

Crossing Tender James E. Weaver
of the Bridge Street Station was
found unconscious on the floor of
his hut last Sunday evening, and
was taken to the Newport Hospital.
He hopes to be able to resume his
duties soon.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Williams-Murphy

Miss Margaret Agnes D. Murphy,
daughter of Mrs. Dennis J. Murphy,
and Mr. John B. Williams of New-
port, were united in marriage at St.
Joseph's Church, Newport, on Satur-
day morning by Rev. Edward A. Hig-
gins.
The bride was very attractive in a
white satin robe gown, and her
veil was caught with orange bloss-
oms. She carried a shower bou-
quet of lilies of the valley. The
bridesmaid, Miss Ann Mulligan of
New York, wore yellow crepe, with a
brown hat, and carried a bouquet of
yellow chrysanthemums. Mr. Jerome
R. Kirby acted as best man.
A wedding breakfast was served,
and a reception was held immedi-
ately after the ceremony at the home
of the bride, Ogden Farm, after
which Mr. and Mrs. Williams left on
their honeymoon. Upon their return
they will reside at their new home on
the corner of Bedford and Curry av-
enues. They were the recipients of
many beautiful and useful presents.
Mr. Williams is engaged as mechan-
ician of the Newport Fire Department.
He is a Past Grand Knight of New-
port Council, Knights of Columbus.

The meeting of the Paradise Read-
ing Club was omitted this week, ow-
ing to the Thanksgiving holiday.
The next meeting will be held on
December 3, at the home of Mrs.
Harry E. Peckham.

Public School Committee

The monthly meeting of the public
school committee was held at the
town hall with a full board present.
It was reported that 44 children
from this town are now attending
Rogers High School. The cost of
tuition was raised \$25 each in Sep-
tember, making a cost of \$125 a year
for each child. There were 88 chil-
ren attending the High School last
year.

The monthly report of the Red
Cross nurse was presented.

The fourth semi-annual conference
of the Rhode Island Association of
Public School officials was held on
Friday, November 21, and it was
voted to pay the expenses of any
member of the committee who at-
tended.

Usual routine business was trans-
acted.

An automobile accident occurred
on Sunday afternoon on the West
Main Road near the car barn. Mr.
Jacob Mirman, who was just recover-
ing from an automobile accident, was
driving along when his car skidded
at a curve and turned over, pinning
Mr. and Mrs. Mirman and their
daughter Elizabeth beneath it. The
injured party was taken to Dr.
Storrs' office, where they were given
attention, after which they were
taken to the Newport Hospital. Mr.
Mirman remained for treatment for
an injury to his upper arm, but his
wife and daughter were able to re-
turn to their home.

Rev. and Mrs. John Pearce have
had as guests Rev. and Mrs. E. V.
Hinchcliffe of Newton Centre, Mass.,
who are touring New England in the
interests of the work of the Deacon-
ess' Hospital in Massachusetts.

Rev. James P. Conover is giving
weekly talks on "Americanization"
in the Oliphant School.

Mrs. John H. Peckham has been ill
at the Newport Hospital.

Mrs. May Moise of Worcester,
Mass., has been guest of her sister-
in-law, Mrs. Nathan Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Ehrhardt have
gone to Miami, Florida, by automo-
bile, where they expect to spend the
winter.

Miss Harriet Pike has recently
been appointed lieutenant of Wild
Rose Troop.

Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham of
Newport entertained the Oliphant
Reading Club on Friday afternoon.
The subject was "The Peace Move-
ment."

Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet entertained
Colonel William Barton Chapter, D.
A. R., at an all day thimble party on
Tuesday.

Mrs. William G. Allen entertained
the G. T. Club at her home on Mon-
day evening.

Tomorrow is the last day of Nov-
ember. But one month more re-
mains and 1924 will be numbered in
the past. The days have now nearly
reached the limit of shortness. Only
sixteen minutes more will have to be
subtracted from the sunshine period.
They have now shortened 5 hours and
57 minutes and the shortest day will
show a decrease of 6 hours and 13
minutes. During the entire month
of December there is little change
in the length of days. The sun rises
tomorrow at 6:52 and sets at 4:14.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Portsmouth Branch, A. R. C.

The November meeting of the
Portsmouth Branch of the American
Red Cross Society was held on Mon-
day evening at the Public Library.
Thirteen members were present, as
was the Public Health Nurse, Mrs.
H. M. Keller.
The meeting was called to order by
the chairman, Mr. B. Earl Anthony.
The minutes of the last regular
meeting and the meeting of the Ex-
ecutive committee were read and ap-
proved.

The nurse's report was read, show-
ing a total of 110 visits for the
month. She stated that she had also
assisted physicians in school work.
Mrs. Keller also gave a report of the
Dental Clinic. It is planned to open
a dental clinic on December 3 for the
benefit of the pupils of the public
schools of this town. Dr. C. H.
Benoit of Fall River has been secured
to do the work in this clinic. It is
planned to charge twenty-five cents
for the extraction of the first teeth,
fifty cents for the extraction of sec-
ond or permanent teeth, and fifty
cents for cleaning or filling teeth.
The building just beyond Cossy Cor-
ner, which was formerly used as the
D. A. R. Chapter House, and previ-
ously to that as the town clerk's office,
has been secured for this work. It
is being renovated and wired for elec-
tricity, and will make an ideal place
for this work, being centrally located
and easy of access.

The Treasurer's report was read
by the Treasurer pro tem, Mr.
George R. Hicks, who also reported
a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Moses
Taylor of \$200, to be used for cur-
rent expenses.
Miss Marjorie Hall was elected
Treasurer to fill the vacancy caused
by the resignation of the former
treasurer, Mr. Alfred C. Hall.

Two bills were voted paid.
It was voted that Mrs. Draper, the
vice chairman, be appointed a com-
mittee to report meetings and the
Public Health work of the town to
the Newport and Fall River papers.
A rising vote of thanks was given
Mr. and Mrs. Taylor for their gift.
A letter of thanks had already been
sent.

It was voted to hold the meetings
at 7:00 o'clock instead of at 8:00
o'clock as has heretofore been done.

Mr. Howard Bishop is suffering with
a badly swollen foot, as a result of
a heavy box being dropped upon it.
Luckily no bones were broken. Mr.
Bishop is under the care of a phys-
ician.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Chase have
moved from the homestead on An-
thony Road to their new bungalow,
which has just been completed, at the
foot of Quaker Hill.

A whist and dance was given at
Oakland Hall on Tuesday evening by
the members of St. Anthony's
Church, which was well attended.
Refreshments were served by the
committee.

The annual meeting of Aquidneck
Chapter, No. 2, Royal Arch Masons,
was held on Monday evening, Novem-
ber 24, in Eureka Hall. The officers
were installed by Grand Principal
Sojourner Henry Nichols, assisted
by Excellent Companion Hudson of
Liberty Chapter, No. 10, as Grand
Captain of the Host; Excellent Com-
panion Benjamin B. Barker, Jr., ac-
ting Grand Chaplain; Charles E.
Thomas, acting Grand Secretary.
The officers installed were as follows:
High Priest—Jethro H. Peckham.
King—Daniel O. Bowker.
Scribe—Gordon McDonald.
Chaplain—David P. Hedley.
Captain of the Host—Levi Ibbotson.
Principal Sojourner—Herbert B.
Ashley.

Royal Arch Captain—Robert Sal-
ter.
Master of the Third Veil—James
Robertshaw.
Master of the Second Veil—Frank
J. Thomas.
Master of the First Veil—William
Hall.

Secretary—Charles E. Thomas.
Sentinel—Charles G. Clarke.
Following the installation a New
England supper was served. The re-
tiring High Priest, Mr. David P.
Hedley, was presented with a Past
High Priest's jewel.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmer Bacon are the
happy parents of a son, Carlton Mc-
rill Bacon.

A report of liquor running at
Third Beach on Thursday evening
called the officials of the County,
Newport police, and Coast Guard
men to that locality in a hurry, but
no evidence of rum running was
found. Sheriff King organized a
strong force of police and the Coast
Guard sent plenty of men to cope with
any expedition.

Mr. William F. Whitehouse has
returned from New York.

SINNERS IN HEAVEN

Continued from Page 2

"Do you love me?" he interrupted, taking her firmly by the shoulders. "Ah! you—know it," she breathed. "Yet you would put—this—between us, with no hope of rescue?"

Looking her abruptly, he turned and looked long at the pictured face. Then, with a stifled exclamation, he pulled it from the bamboo. Before she realized his motive, he had torn the photograph into shreds, and scattered them upon the ground.

"Alan!" she gasped, almost frightened by his vehemence. He wheeled, facing her with burning eyes.

"I'm not a lap dog! If we get rescued, we shall, of course, go straight to Hugh and tell him the truth. But—if not—" He suddenly threw his arms around her, straining her to him. "Have you realized that probability—now, Barbara? We may be here forever—just you and I—where the mazes of civilization give way to Truth—where no laws exist save those of nature—no conventions!" He swept her off her feet, and his kisses burned upon her lips, her neck, her short hair. . . . Once more her life seemed to sink from her own keeping into his.

He set her down at last, still clasping her to him.

"Doesn't—this—decide it all?" he murmured unsteadily. "Don't you understand that we have bigger issues to face—here—than useless scruples?"

She turned in his arms, looking into his eyes through the gathering darkness. The distant thundering surf was the only sound; and it seemed to suggest approaching storms more terrible than any she had faced before. Freeing herself a little, she pressed him from her.

"You have won your way—as usual, Alan. But—ah! Be—merciful!" As she had appealed before, so the cry came again from her unprotected heart.

That pitiful entreaty and her surrender reached where resistance might have failed. The passion in his face faded a little; and, seeing this, she pressed her advantage.

"Isn't the present joy—sufficient? You ate mine and I ate yours. Don't let us spoil the glory of it all!"

For a long moment there was silence in the darkening hut.

Then this man, who had ever been wont to sweep aside all obstacles to his will, bent his head slowly, and kissed in turn the small hands clasped upon his breast.

"We must keep our faith in each other—whatever the future brings," he whispered. And tenderly, almost reverently, he kissed her lips.

PART THREE

Deep Chords

I

A ring of stakes, tolling drunkenly to one side, encircled the hut, at a distance of about twenty yards. With a small rock for hammer, Alan was pounding them into the ground, during the hour before sunset. He had conceived the idea of building a palisade.

Occupation! It was what they craved. Though neither confessed the fact to the other, both tacitly acknowledged the need. They seized on any excuse that would supply food for their thoughts, toll for their limbs, fatigue for body and mind. For, deep in the heart of each, below all the ecstasy of their joy together, lurked grim fear—not fear of each other, but fear of themselves; above all, fear of nature, of her smiling face and irrevocable laws. Resolutely, each buried the skeleton out of sight, covering it with a hundred pretty-colored reeds. But sometimes, unexpectedly, it stirred below the thick layers, stretched out its skinny arms. . . .

"I'll bring the river down here some day," the inventor of modern aircraft observed, thumping in a stake with his stone-age hammer. Why are you smiling in that vacant manner?"

"Alan," she murmured, "you have been a revelation. I thought you a bully, only intent upon getting your own way, regardless of everybody."

"Well?" He laughed gently.

"Haven't I got it?"

"Ah, but not until it proved to be my way too."

"Merely because I realized it would be worthless otherwise. I learned that first of all the many things you 'taught me.'"

"Yes, you." He raised her chin possessively. "Don't you think you have been a revelation, too? And hasn't the 'spirit' of the island you spoke about been a revelation to us both? It seems to me," he laughed.

"The only thing to save the world from being choked by materialism is to wreck it on a desert island! Make everybody begin life afresh, back to prehistoric days."

Barbara caught at this idea. "But," she said, following the train of thought it engendered, "if all discontented people had the chance to come, wouldn't every tree be crowded?"

"Not at all. Only a handful would arrive. The majority are too peacefully asleep to realize they are being choked. Commercialism is the god they worship. Although, when it is nothing better to do, they go to church—in their best clothes."

"You are very bitter!" she exclaimed in surprise.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

To Barbara, this man had ever been full of surprises; but she had spoken the truth when she had called him a revelation. For, during the two months since Christmas, he had been so at every turn. Not until love opened her own eyes; until she knew the meaning of passion herself, and understood the tempestuous force of life, did she realize the strain under which he had been living. Since Christmas night the nature she had thought arrogant had revealed a thousand wonderful mysteries. As a tree, cold and hidden in the snows and frosts of winter, responds to the glory of spring, so he had opened in the glory of their love.

She drew away from him, and clasped her arms round her raised knees. Mountains, dark and threatening to those whose way lies across them, are little heeded when shrouded in mist, below which the sun shines. But now and then a jagged peak thrusts through; and, with the journey's progress, more appear behind. . . . Generally, these frequent peaks were instinctively shunned; but to-day Alan went on recklessly.

"After all, marriage was made for man, like all other conventions. We are not their slaves. What do forms and ceremonies matter—here? They are often tosh. A pauper marries an heiress, and vows to endow her with all his worldly goods! If he did, he would have to take the clothes off his back and go stark naked. You and I would vow to forsake all others, when there is nobody here to forsake. You would hardly want to elope with Bahoonah? If you did, I should soon catch you. That's another point: we couldn't separate if we wanted to! So what would be the good of a wedding? Of vows we couldn't possibly break?"

She sprang to her feet, breathing quickly.

"Alan! What are you saying! Don't! Don't!"

"Why not?" he asked, getting up, too. "We can't remain blindfolded forever."

The mists fell from a huge mountain peak, and the color ebbed from the girl's face.

"Ah!" she murmured, clasping her hands. "Isn't the present—perfect? Don't precipitate!"

He took her by the shoulders, forcing her to face him. "We are only human," he said, in a low voice; "and, Barbara—I want my wife!"

She pressed her clenched hands against him, hiding her head upon them. "Oh, not yet! Don't think me obtuse, Alan. I have thought, too, and—am—fearful."

"What have you feared?"

She did not reply for a moment; he waited, motionless.

When every accustomed bulwark of life has been demolished, the foundations of a fresh building are laid necessarily in a troubled soil composed of struggle, temptation, agonies of uncertainty. The undeveloped girl, blindly groping after the "hidden want" in a materialistic environment, had gone forever. As the ripened corn sprung from its buried seed, the woman, sublime in her love, glories in the growing courage of the inner self she had tried to stifle, had arisen.

"We have found the true keynote here," she murmured brokenly at last, "and we must keep it tuned right. I wouldn't, for the world, spoil the beauty of everything."

"You couldn't—ever," he whispered into her hair. "But love is a terrific force which can't be turned on and off like hot water; or compressed into narrow preconcerted channels."

He suddenly threw his arms round her and strained her to him. "Barbara! why should we be done out of our rights? We've been chucked out of the world; stripped of everything that made life worth living. But now we have discovered the greatest treasure of all. Are we to give that up because of—scruples? By G—d!"

With sudden anger he loosed her, clenching his hands. "I won't! I'm d—d if I'll agree to that! It isn't fair. You say I always get my way. Well—some time—"

She met calmly the passion and threat in his eyes. These untamed forces no longer alarmed her, as they would have done six months ago.

"Alan!" she protested, holding out her hand. He ignored it, gazing still upon the peculiar radiance of her face. She went to him, lifting both hands to his shoulders, her lips trembling.

"There is more to be considered . . . not—not only ourselves. . . . My darling! don't you realize we are man and woman, and—?" Her flushed face sank on his breast. "Don't you see?" she whispered. "Others? Not—scruples!"

A long silence succeeded her broken words. His arms closed around her again, and again he hid his face in her hair.

He raised his head at last; and as he pulled her hands down into his own his face looked strangely drawn.

"God help us both, Barbara!" he muttered huskily. "For we are in the very heart of a position. There was a strange blending of fear and adoration in the eyes of both, while they looked upon each other. But I—I swear I'll—never force you to—anything. Always remember that. And, for heaven's sake, don't—let us forget! I'm so d—d human," he added, with naive pathos.

For the first time since she knew him, she heard a lack of confidence in his tone. Conscious of those forces of nature against which they were but puppets, all the woman in her rose to meet him.

"We can never lose faith in each other, Alan. That will help us."

She looked at the gleefully loved figure, at one illumined in the joy of their marriage would mean

between them flashed into her heart, awakening the mother dormant within her. "Ah! But it's going to be hard—hard—hard!"

The cry burst, involuntarily, from her lips. All the love and longing which inspired it shone in the gaze which seemed to envelop him as a glowing fire. . . . For a space he stood silent, lost with her in a world which neither had dreamed of before. Then he stepped forward with a muttered ejaculation, and they clung together as they had clung on their first night on the island—two derelict beings swept over the world's edge.

"Go in," he whispered tremulously, at last. "I can't come to supper to-night. I must go away alone for a bit . . . and think. . . . You've opened a new world to me tonight."

He kissed her with lingering gentleness, and turned away toward the shore.

Barbara waited slowly into the hut. But to her, also, food seemed impossible just then. That moment's illumination had opened up a new world for her, too—a world which, it seemed, she was never to enter! . . . With a little sobbing breath she went into the sleeping hut and threw herself face downward on her bed.

For a long time neither alluded to this conversation. A new chord had been struck between them, too deep for idle talk. A subtler difference, a shade more of seriousness, came into their relations. The shadow cast by the mountain peaks enveloped them. Try as they would, they could never quite free themselves from it.

Distractions of any sort became urgent; but to find them, in this small island, was no easy matter. However, Alan, after mentally viewing the land, took what frail material there was and wove it into ropes of support. That the ropes might break he could not foresee.

He turned once more, in pathetic hope, to the natives.

During the months since their first visit to the settlement, he had come to occupy the unique position of a semi-divine Overlord. His orders, issued at first in the spirit of bluff, were obeyed. This at first surprised, then amused, him. After a time, it afforded him intense interest. His orders regarding cleanliness were receiving extraordinary consideration; irrigation work had been undertaken. Now, he plunged with new zest into this novel training of prehistoric minds. He ordered the cultivation of taro to be instituted; tapestry-weaving from reeds to be revived. All this originating from fear, not inclination, slowly awakened the natives' interest, which increasing, caused much of their lethargy to vanish.

Within a few weeks, the last signs of a threatening new epidemic of sickness vanished, and the settlement became more wholesome. This being attributed to the what man's magic, their fear blended into a crude awesome affection, which struck Alan as pathetic. Gradually his visits became hailed even with delight. For, in matters of dispute, Ohimabaho! appealed to him, relying more and more on his counsel. And, swayed by none of the opposing elements, he dealt with a severe justice, yet humaneness, which they found both novel and attractive.

Withal, he braced them, stimulating their latent powers, much in the same way in which he had stimulated Barbara, by the mere force of his own vitality.

Her own interest in these people grew apace. From Alan she learned some of the dialect, very soon being able to speak a little herself. Sometimes she brought the children odd bits of ribbon or lace, which produced an excited uproar. Weeks later, she used to see these scraps adorning some woman's dark form, with ludicrous incongruity.

But, among these "children of nature," as among other children, not of nature but of civilized education, there existed under-currents of strife, ambition, ill-feeling. These were responsible for a division of which Croft soon became aware. The more savage factions waxed impatient for Bahoonah to be their chief. Only the superstitious awe in which a chief is held saved Ohimabaho! from being despatched unceremoniously to the spirits of his murdered sons. The result of that would have been civil war, and deadly peril for the two white people. For Bahoonah and his friends were not partial to these strange newcomers who forced them to work and frustrated their savage tendencies. Croft

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Ruined Huts Were Strictly Tabu.

knew well the risky ground on which he trod. For reasons of strategy, therefore, he forbore, save for a drastic warning, to take any steps in retaliation for Christmas day's attempt upon his life. "Ball-devils" from the white woman, in swift retribution for what he had contemplated, had frightened Bahoonah enough for the present. His black face was seldom seen, now, days, far from the settlement.

Roowa and Meaman, since their child's recovery, had regarded the "white chief" with little less than worship. And this fact gave Alan the idea wherewith to cause distraction in the increasing difficulty of the life he and Barbara now led. It was, both knew, but catching at straws; yet, eagerly, such frail aids were welcomed.

After a short consultation with Ohimabaho!, Roowa was commanded to take up his residence in the north, to help the "white chief" in work upon the land, while Meaman served his "wife."

The ruined huts were strictly tabu, haunted by the spirits of those slain there. Roowa, proudly radiant, began to build a new hut, to which Meaman and his two children could be fetched.

Within a short time smoke arose from Meaman's cooking; and two small black figures danced, like lumps, among the palms.

II

"I wonder," suggested Barbara, when they strolled together one night, "if we ought to teach them Christianity?"

Alan looked down, smiling at these lingering instincts of the parson's daughter; but shook his head.

"If they learn gentleness, kindness and cleanliness, don't you think they are acquiring the spirit of it?" he asked. "These will permeate, paving the way, if you think it necessary to teach them Christian creeds later. But don't upset their old faiths yet—they are not ready. It's always a dangerous thing. If it's hurried, it's fatal."

She thrust her arm through his. "You're awfully wise, Alan mine! You seem to know just how to manage the natives. Why is it, I wonder?"

"Because I care for them. You can usually understand those you love, if you try. See how well I manage you!" She laughed; then felt his arm. "Do you know, you're getting thin, Alan."

"Hard work."

"I have noticed it in your face, too. You mustn't work so incessantly—there's no need."

"Isn't there? Ah, Barbara! I think there is."

She looked up quickly; but he had turned his face seaward; only the grim set mouth was visible. The woman in her thrilled to him, for she understood. Clasp his arm tightly, she laid her face against it.

"Dear!" she murmured.

"We have been here nearly a year," was his only response.

"I know."

They walked on in silence a while, passing near Roowa's hut. Just outside the entrance the native and his wife sat close together, the youngest child asleep in the man's arms, both too much absorbed in low-toned conversation to notice their approach. The natives' love may be little above that of an animal for its mate; but it contents them.

Barbara's clasp tightened, as these two outcasts from all laws looked upon the group.

"They are very happy. Alan! I often watch them."

"So do I—my G—d!"

She glanced up in surprise at the passionate tone in his voice.

"I sometimes wish I had never brought them here," he continued. She was silent a moment; then drew his hand swiftly up to her face. With her lips against it, she whispered, so low that he had to bend down to catch her words:

"Do you ever look at—their little ones—and think—supposing—if—only?"

"Barbara! I do."

He turned and drew her into his arms. "I have thought of it all—over and over again! I think of nothing else."

The relief of speaking, for once, about the theme which lay heavy upon their hearts caused discretion to be thrown to the winds. "It haunts me!" she cried passionately, clinging to him. "It haunts me day and night. I can't bear to see them. I've tried—"

"And I, by heaven!"

Looking her abruptly, he threw himself down upon the rock outside the hut and bowed his head in his hands. What was passing through his mind she could only surmise by the chaos of emotion which, now the barriers were down, surged through her own. All these weeks both had struggled to forget the problems menacing them. But the very straws at which they had caught proved to be, so to speak, serpents in disguise. For nature, crude and unattended, ruled this island. By her inexorable laws these primitive people were guided, unabashed, in all good faith. And among these subtle forces working around them, undermining the very ground beneath their feet, the two were flung together in a solitude, a familiarity, so maddening yet so entrancing, that their senses were inflamed at every turn. Escape was impossible. Wherever they moved they were confronted with their own rising passion. Regarded as man and wife they shrank now from visiting the settlement together. Throughout the days each constantly surprised the other's furtive, hungry, troubled regard. Conversation became often strained, demonstrativeness between them a danger. Throughout the night each lay listening to the other's movements and breathing, through the frail bamboo partition. No longer could they shout careless badinage, hold midnight talks. . . . But, since the building of the palisade, the fear rising ever higher in their hearts.

He uncovered his face at last, and looked up at her, a grim defiance in his eyes.

"We can't go on like this. It's damnable! Barbara—come here."

Hesitating a little, not understanding the unusual expression of his face, she went toward the hand he held out. He caught her roughly by the arm, pulling her down to her knees at his side, gazing into her eyes for several seconds without speaking—searching, proving her in some inexplicable manner.

"How much do you love me?" he demanded, at last.

She looked startled at his peremptory tone. "Why do you ask such questions?" But she collapsed against him.

"With my very life," she whispered passionately. "I should die if I lost you now."

He strained her close, pressing hot lips to hers. "How far would you go with me? How far?" he muttered eagerly.

"To eternity!" she murmured, half faint with the sudden passion sweeping them both away. The arms holding her were trembling.

"If we never get rescued? How far then? How far, Barbara?"

Only a little stifled gasp answered him.

Special Bargains

FALL AND WINTER WOOLLEN S

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 25 per cent. less than our regular prices. These we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles which we receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee 1-2 make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN.

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

All the soft night odors of the forest were stealing down to the beach, blending with the pungent smell of hot earth, mingling with the languorous murmur of the tide. Close in his arms, a weak, craving to surrender, to capitulate before the forces arrayed against them, both, swept over her. It was easy to let all else go. . . . Twice she opened her own lips, but no words would come; only her eyes told him that which caused his senses to reel. His grip tightened, so that he hurt her; but the pain was an exquisite joy.

The animal in man, longing fiercely for its mate, had been let loose in Alan, stronger for all these months of temptation and repression. The future at this moment lay in his hands—and he knew it, exulted in the knowledge. . . .

Half unconsciously he rose to his feet, lifting her, unresisting, with him. Her young body lay acquiescent, at his mercy. He took a step toward the hut; cast one dazed look round the darkening beach—

From Roowa's dwelling the faint cry of a child came to them, wafted upon the soft night breeze down the bay.

The girl heard it, and raised her head. The man heard it, and caught his breath. Their eyes met.

She slipped from his arms with a long quivering sigh. They stood facing each other, struggling with the turbulence of their emotion.

MRS. P. N. MOORE

High Officer in the
Councils of Women

Mrs. Phillip N. Moore is president of the National Council of Women and vice president of the International Council of Women.

NEGRO RULER PAYS \$750,000 HEART BALM

English Husband Is Suing Bank to Recover Money He Says Was Withheld in Settlement.

London.—The love of an unnamed Eastern potentate, a negro, for the wife of an Englishman figured in a £125,000 lawsuit here which was described by the British press as "a story without parallel in modern times." A check for £150,000 is alleged to have been paid by this mysterious potentate, who is called by agreement in court "Mr. A" and who is pictured as "a good-looking man of twenty-four," as a settlement for the marital entanglement.

The suit was brought by Charles Robinson, a former bookmaker, against the Midland Bank for £125,000 as the balance from £150,000 alleged to have been paid and received by the bank for his use; or, alternately, the same amount of money for negligence.

Lord Halsbury, attorney for Robinson, described this defense as "a most hideous charge of blackmailing conspiracy." On the other hand, Sir John Simon, one of the leaders of the Liberal party, who is counsel for the bank, in his cross-examination of Robinson tried to make the plaintiff admit that it was a plot to trap "Mr. A" with Mrs. Robinson, but Robinson denied participation in any plot.

The courtroom was filled with fashionably dressed women to hear Lord Halsbury's charges.

According to him, Mrs. Robinson met the potentate at the Victoria Ball in London in November, 1919. She planned to go to the Orient with him, but when she was in a Paris hotel one of Robinson's acquaintances, Montague Noel Newtown, broke into the room and terrified her from her purpose by threatening to betray her to Robinson.

Newtown was one of three men alleged by Halsbury to have obtained from Robinson by trickery £125,000 of the money, one of the others having been "Mr. A's" aide-de-camp.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

MADRID.—Following a consultation between the Spanish representative in Morocco and Abdel Krim, the rebel leader, an arrangement has been reached by which an armistice will be signed between Spain and the rebellious tribesmen.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—Mrs. Addie Sheatsley, fifty years old, found practically cremated in the furnace of the parsonage of Christ Lutheran Church, in Bexley, a suburb, was dead before her body was placed in the fire vault. It was indicated in a preliminary report submitted by T. C. Long, a local chemist.

EL PASO.—Determined opposition to any modification of the Japanese Exclusion Law was voiced by the American Federation of Labor in convention here. "We are unalterably opposed to the substitution of exclusion by treaty for exclusion by law," it was declared.

LONDON.—Major General Sir Lee Stack, Governor General of the Sudan and air, or commander-in-chief, of the Egyptian army, died in Cairo after an unsuccessful operation to remove the bullets fired by assassins.

CHICAGO.—Wide break in grain prices due to heavy liquidation.

CAIRO.—Gen. Stack, Egyptian Sir, governor of Sudan, wounded by Cairo assassins.

GENEVA.—Bishop Brent made before opium conference for American restriction plan.

DUBLIN.—Cardinal Logue, primate of Ireland, dies; news comes as shock to Ireland was not made known.

PARIS.—France is ready to discuss payment of her war debts to America and England, and Premier Herriot is preparing to face the biggest financial problem he has had—one which previous governments since the war have sidestepped.

TO TEST TAX PUBLICITY LAW

Baltimore Daily Post, a Scripps Organ, Faces Trial for Publishing Tax of Daniel Willard.

TO INDICT SIX MORE

Movement to Repeal Publicity Clause in Coming Congress Session Gains Headway—Similar Proceedings Anticipated in Different Cities

Washington.—In formally announcing the indictment of The Baltimore Daily Post as the first newspaper defendant in the government's impending series of test cases to determine the intent of Congress with reference to publication of income-tax information, Attorney General Stone clearly indicated that further indictments in other cities would follow swiftly.

It was learned at the Department of Justice that all of the five or six other newspapers to be prosecuted on the same basis are in cities where internal revenue district offices are situated. This is largely because the collectors of internal revenue are to act as prosecuting witnesses.

There is a strong intimation that indictments will be returned by the grand juries in both Manhattan and Brooklyn.

The charge against the Baltimore newspaper is violation of Section 3167 of the Revised Statutes, which was reenacted into the revenue law in Section 1018 of the latter act. This section provides among other things that "it shall be unlawful for any person to print or publish in any manner whatever, not provided by law any income return or any part thereof." The penalty provided for violation is a fine of not more than \$1,000 or imprisonment for not more than one year, or both.

The government's position is that the so-called publicity provision of the revenue law, Section 257, merely "made available to inspection" the income tax returns of citizens. Therefore, according to the indictment, The Baltimore Daily Post committed an act "against the peace and dignity of the United States."

The Baltimore grand jury's indictment contains five counts. They are virtually identical in form, but are based on the publication of income tax payments of five citizens of Baltimore. The citizens named and the amount of tax paid by each follow: J. Cookman Boyd, \$180.65; Leon C. Collins, \$136.97; Frank A. Furst, \$31.45; Daniel Willard, \$20,434.01, and Waldo Newcomer, \$108,723.64.

Galen L. Tall, collector of Internal Revenue for the Baltimore district, appeared as the government's witness. Harold Allen and Sewell Key, special assistants to Mr. Stone, appeared in Baltimore as the agents of the Attorney General.

The Attorney General's office issued a formal statement. The only comment beyond this which the Justice Department head would make was that he intended to press for immediate court action in order to avoid all possible delays in the anticipated litigation, ultimately ending in the United States Supreme Court. The statement follows:

Attorney General Stone announced that an indictment has been returned in the United States District Court for the District of Maryland against The Baltimore Daily Post as a result of the publication by that paper of information contained in income tax returns recently made available for inspection by the Collector of Internal Revenue in that district.

This is the first of several test cases which the Attorney General has directed United States Attorneys in various sections of the country to bring against periodicals publishing tax lists, with a view to establishing a judicial interpretation of the provisions of section 257, of the Revenue act of 1921, which provides that there shall be made available to public inspection in the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue lists containing the names and post office addresses of persons making income tax returns, together with the amount of income tax paid by such persons.

CASTLETON CUT-OFF OPEN

Connects New Railway Freight System to West.

Albany, N. Y.—With impressive ceremonies the Castleton Cut-Off of the New York Central Railroad, was opened for traffic. This cut-off, the most strategic railroad construction of recent years, was completed at a cost of \$25,000,000, to relieve the freight congestion at Albany, which has been the most troublesome point of the New York Central Railroad system.

FINDS JAZZ A MENACE

National Playground Official Thinks Man Will Die Out.

Cincinnati.—That the jazz spirit today is a positive menace, but that it will play itself out ultimately, was the statement made by Eugene Liles, special representative of the National Playground and Recreational Association of New York in a discussion at the tenth annual social hygiene conference. "Our youth and our adults are obsessed with too great an eagerness to make a show of themselves,"

TONY TOMMY

Chief of Seminoles
Elected For 10 Years

Tony Tommy, photographed on his return to Fort Lauderdale, Fla., from Big Cypress swamp, where he was elected chief of all the Seminoles at their annual green corn dance. He is to hold office for ten years.

ROB FARMINGTON BANK OF \$19,500

Girl Kicks \$97,000 Out of Sight to Safety—Bandits Escape.

Detroit.—Six bank robbers shot their way to liberty after holding up the State Savings Bank at Farmington at noon, escaping with \$9,500 in cash and \$10,000 in negotiable securities.

Sixty automobiles, carrying sheriffs, deputies, farmers and tradesmen armed with shotguns and rifles, halted every car on the road for hours. It is estimated that more than 200 persons are pressing the search. The gunmen have evaded the net, however.

The car in which the robbers escaped from Farmington was recovered. The robbers abandoned it when it ran out of gasoline and continued their flight in a smaller one which they stole at the point of revolvers from the first passerby. The abandoned machine was riddled with bullets and stained with blood, indicating that one, at least, of the gunmen was wounded in the firing which greeted them as they left the bank.

Four hold-up men entered the bank. They left a fifth on the street outside to act as a lookout and a sixth in their automobile. Walking directly to the directors' room the robbers found the board in conference. Howard Warner, son of former Governor Warner and president of the bank, was struck on the head with a revolver when he rose from his chair. He was knocked unconscious but not injured seriously. Other directors and employees in the bank, including four women, were forced to lie on the floor.

The robbers bundled their loot to gether and started for their car. Ben Myers, a special deputy sheriff, saw them, grabbed a gun and fired. Others joined in the shooting. The robbers returned the fire.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Curtis calls all Senators listed at Republicans, including La Follette to select Senate leader soon.

President Coolidge has decided to keep hands off in the organization of the Senate.

Coolidge to keep hands off in organization of Senate.

Row is brewing over Muscle Shoals in next Congress session.

Secretary of Labor Davis has definitely informed President Coolidge he will not accept a place in the new Cabinet, and it is likely that Secretary of Commerce Hoover will be switched to another department.

Acting Secretary of State denies United States plans arms parity. Railroad problems promise to be leading factor in Senate reorganization.

President Coolidge began writing his address to Congress, which convenes December 1. It is expected to include a definition of Mr. Coolidge's position on national problems.

The postal committee of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association had a conference with President Coolidge, relating to the findings of the Post Office Department.

President Coolidge advocates a "free seas Christmas."

Borah wants Coolidge to call disarmament conference following British delay on League protocol.

U. S. officials expect early debt funding proposal from France.

United States Supreme Court hears arguments in railroad valuation case.

Bureau of Navigation in annual report champions cause of radio amateurs.

Republican legislative machine well oiled for opening of Congress.

Threat of row over Senate leadership worries Republicans.

MRS. HARDING DIES AFTER LONG FIGHT

Widow of President Passes Away Peacefully at the Sawyer Sanitarium Near Marion, Ohio.

DUE TO SEVERAL AILMENTS

Fallen Since Husband's Fatal Trip. Decline Since Return from Alaska, but Former First Lady Had Suffered from Malady Twenty Years.

Marion, Ohio.—Florence Kling Harding, widow of Warren G. Harding, twenty-ninth Chief Executive of the United States, died here at five minutes to nine o'clock Friday morning in the White Oaks Sanitarium of Dr. Carl W. Sawyer, where she had been fighting for life for weeks. She died peacefully, Dr. Sawyer said.

Mrs. Harding's death was due directly to a kidney ailment from which she had suffered for years, and which nearly resulted fatally while she was mistress of the White House.

Clifford B. Kling, Mrs. Harding's brother; George E. Christian, Jr., who had been secretary to Mr. Harding; Mrs. Mary Sawyer, widow of Brigadier General Charles E. Sawyer, and Dr. Carl W. Sawyer were present when the end came.

Arrangements for the funeral were immediately taken over by her brother and Mr. Christian.

Sketch of Mrs. Harding

Mrs. Florence Kling Harding rose simply from simple things to great. She worked by the side of her husband in the office of the Marion Star, when the success of that struggling sheet seemed impossible, with as high and steadfast a courage as that which upheld her when she took up the manifold duties of mistress of the White House in spite of ill health, which made such exertion almost impossible.

Mrs. Harding was born in Marion in August, 1860. Her father, who died a few years ago after a long career as banker and manufacturer in the Ohio town, reared her with all the care usually given an older daughter. Yet her first marriage turned out unhappily and her second, to Warren Harding, excited her father's undisguised annoyance.

Mr. Harding then was a young editor with a peculiarly unlikely looking proposition on his hands, in the eyes of the father. The Marion Star obviously was doomed to failure; he was angry when his daughter married.

Hoping to prove her father wrong, Mrs. Harding went to work in the business office of the Star. On at least one occasion when her husband was away she ran the whole plant, writing the editorials and the news, overseeing the makeup and acting finally as circulation manager.

Mrs. Harding saw her husband rise to influential editor, to senator, finally to Presidential nominee. She worked behind him—hers was the directing hand behind the machinery of the front porch campaign. Under it there was never a hitch.

In the summer of 1922 Mrs. Harding suffered her first collapse and for a time her life was despaired of by Dr. C. E. Sawyer, for many years the Harding personal physician.

By midsummer of 1922 she was confined to a wheel chair. For a time it was not thought that she would ever rise from it. But she regained strength slowly and finally went to Florida for a long rest.

Mrs. Harding never fully recovered from the terrific strain of that ill-fated Alaskan trip. The ordeal of the trip itself, the constant worry over the President's health and finally the tragedy of the short illness which took his life, imposed a strain under which Mrs. Harding finally sank.

After the President's death came the ordeal of grief and the strain of remaining true to her determination that she would not break down under it. From this drain upon her strength she never fully recovered.

Mrs. Harding's first husband was Henry De Wolfe, whose family and hers were neighbors in Marion. In 1885 she got a divorce on the grounds of gross neglect. The one son of that marriage, Marshall Eugene De Wolfe, who lived to manhood, died in Kersey, Colo., in 1917.



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IT HAPPENED IN NEW ENGLAND

News of General Interest
From the Six States

Gov.-Elect Alvan T. Fuller spent \$6162, of which \$1575 went to the Republican state committee. Mayor Curley's return totaled \$7886, of which the largest item, \$1146, was for printing.

The organization of the Boston & Maine Transportation Company with authorized capital of \$100,000 and a charter permitting it to engage in operating and owning motor busses for transportation of passengers and motor trucks for carrying freight is announced by the Boston & Maine railroad.

A proclamation reopening the hunting and trapping season, which was closed on Oct. 30 because of the danger of forest fires, was issued by Gov. Redfield Proctor of Vermont. The proclamation includes birds and fur-bearing animals, deer being under protection until Nov. 24 and closing Dec. 6.

The will of Justice Bertram L. Smith, filed for probate in Bangor, Me., bequeaths \$4000 to Bowdoin College in memory of his son, Bertram Louis Smith, Jr., to be known as the Bertram Louis Smith, Jr., fund, the income to be used as the trustees of the college may direct to encourage excellence of work in English literature.

"New England must reorganize business on a basis of mass production and mass distribution," said Edward A. Filene of Boston, in the main address before the fifth annual convention of the New England Advertising Clubs held at Hartford, Ct.

According to a statement filed with Springfield, Mass., City Clerk Clifford F. Smith it cost Speaker Frederick H. Gillett of the National House of Representatives \$5,385.40 to win the election as United States Senator over David I. Walsh, his Democratic opponent.

BAN ON CHRISTMAS TREES

Destruction Incompatible With Growth Promotion.

Washington.—A Federal law to prohibit the sale of Christmas trees was advocated by H. V. Berry, of Port Plain, N. Y., a delegate to the National Conference.

"It is poor practice to teach children to have trees at Christmas," he said, "and to teach them to plant a tree next year. You are allowing them to do what you are seeking to prevent."

FREE EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

Methods Suggested in Russell Sage Foundation's Report.

New York.—Establishment throughout the nation of free employment agencies under joint federal, state and municipal control was urged in a Russell Sage Foundation report.

Such an institution is the only remedy for evils of the present system of employment which a five year investigation has revealed, said a report the foundation issued under the caption "Public Employment Offices."

(Continued from Page 3)

To the wedding would be as sacred and lawful here, with the sea for music, the birds for witnesses, as in a crowded church. I want you always to remember that."

The waves echoed faintly upon the shore; the wind stirred the palm leaves in their enclosure; otherwise the whole world seemed waiting, in a stillness like death, for her reply.

"I believe you, Alan," she murmured at last. "I had not thought of it at all in this light. It would be the same to me, in my heart. But—should we be right? Suppose—afterward—we were rescued?"

"Well? Then we should at once obey the letter. Here we can obey the spirit. But isn't that the greater? In the world it is the reverse, often. The spirit is violated."

"Suppose," she began again, with a shudder, "only one of us were rescued?"

"Don't conjure up imaginary horrors."

She drew away, looking around the bay with the same pathetic helplessness that had struck him so poignantly on Christmas eve.

"Oh!" she muttered, "it is a terrible problem! If only there were somebody outside it all, to help! I am so afraid our very love may guide us—wrongly."

"No," he said quickly. "It won't, because it is love—not that other word beginning with the same letter. Besides, it is the motive of the heart which counts, in all problems."

She turned away, covering her face with her hands.

"What can we do? What can we do?" The words came brokenly, pathetically, to the other outcast from all laws. He was conscious tonight, more than ever before, of their growing, dominant need of each other. Had he striven in his old arrogance she would not, he knew, have resisted his appeal. But the great keynote was tuning his nature as well as hers. All the charity latent in his being rose to his heart, casting out passion. With infinite delicacy he went to her and put his arms about her.

"We are down among the deep chords together, now," he whispered. "But together—always together."

With a choking cry she turned and flung herself upon his breast, clinging to him, the only bulwark of his life.

"I can't decide yet. Oh! I can't—decide; I can't decide—And she burst into a passion of tears."

III

The man, with the divine instinct of understanding now awakened, realized acutely that the girl was suffering. He held her quivering form close, saying nothing. There was nothing he could say. Her own soul must now fight out this battle between the old instincts of a lifetime and those of a world beyond reach of civilized rule.

Presently, when she grew calmer, he lifted her bodily and carried her into



Lifted Her Bodily and Carried Her.

the hut. He placed her upon her bed; then knelt for a moment, and laid his cheek to hers.

"The decision lies in your hands," he whispered. "Come and tell me when you know."

Then he rose to his feet, lingering beside her for a time, a world of almost maternal tenderness in his steady regard. But she made no reply. With a little gesture of helplessness, she turned, and walked back to the lagoon.

Croft, in old days, could not have been called a strongly sexed man. All the vitality of his nature went into other channels. Now, when, for the first time, passion had come to him, it found him bereft of all those other outlets to his abundant energy. It shook him with fierce intensity. In the past, his whole concentration, every ounce of brain and strength, had been given to his work and inventions. Now the same splendid force, welling up and overflowing, was concentrated upon women—a channel half closed against him. Being half closed caused more torture than if it had been entirely shut and barred.

Fate—God—whatever the Unseen Power was called—had hurled them, man and woman, together in this isolation. Why, by all that was sacred, should they resist the law underlying His creation? Must His primal laws be set aside because those made by man, now mere chimerae, were absent? It was absurd, quixotic, un-

necessary. But beneath the velvet glove of nature lies the iron hand; behind her smiling face sits grim severity. These, more than any scruples, caused him to pause. He who had ever scorned obstacles, now faced them appalled. He who had never known fear, was now afraid.

He who had ever asked what he desired, now stood aside and waited.

Barbara must decide. To that, amid the turmoil of his spirit, he clung. There must never be coercion; she was no weakling. Not until she saw the path clear before her would she move an inch; that he knew well.

No sign came from the hut. Within its darkness, inert but buried in her outstretched arms, lay the arbiter of his fate and her own. In a great and awful loneliness of soul, such as she had never imagined possible, she faced the greatest question woman can be called upon to answer. The mountains were quite close now; but she approached them without shrinking, only desirous of finding the right path across to her Beloved. She did not blind herself. She had contemplated marriage before, aware of all it meant to a woman in civilization. Now she contemplated it shorn of all but nature's own sublimely terrible forces; contemplated the years ahead, with the possibility of other lives besides their own. Reverberations! Truly, when one irrevocable chord is struck, the reverberations roll on and on, echoing all around, so that God's whole harmony may be marred or perfected. Can one always tell which it will be?

Both met next day, heavy-eyed from a sleepless night, but each tacitly forbore to allude to the fact. They spoke little, making but a pretense at breakfast. Afterward, Alan fetched his native bow and arrows.

"I may not be back until evening," he said. "You will be all right?"

"Quite."

There was a relief in her tone which he noticed and understood. He hesitated; but she did not look up. For the first time since Christmas they had omitted their morning kiss. And now something restrained him from taking the wistful little face in his hands, much as he longed to do so. He turned and strode off up the bay.

The omission was significant. They had struck a chord too deep ever to return to the delightful camaraderie of the past. Demonstrativeness held a hidden menace behind all its charm. A new wall, vastly different from the old one, yet no less baffling, formed again between them. Once more, each intuitively hid behind reserve yet hung upon the other's slightest action. Once more, only surface topics were allowed admittance. Once more, Alan spent long hours away.

One day, before their second Christmas, Meama fell sick. Barbara, who of late had shunned too much contact with that happy family, fetched Laalo and his sister to play in the enclosure. Children's merry laughter echoed around their home; and Alan, instead of going off as usual, stayed to play with them.

Barbara watched him, all her heart shining in her eyes. There was nobody to put the fear of Laalo into Laalo's frizzy head. The "great white chief" told him marvelous stories of animals never seen upon their island. He became a wonderful horse galloping round the hut, with Laalo upon his back; then a roaring lion, that roared most terribly. There were swings in the hammock, and games of which the little natives had never heard.

And all the time, while joining in their play, Barbara watched her man. Often, too, she found him watching her. How happy these little ones were in their life of freedom, knowing no other. The conventions of previous years seemed very remote now, very unreal. His point of view was, surely, mere common sense. As the day wore on, she felt more and more silent, a terrible aching hunger in her heart.

Most their two natures age here in barren purposelessness? Never be fulfilled? Why? Because far-off rules of society, which could not reach them, would be broken? How trivial such things seemed here, where the world was still in its beginning.

In the evening, the tiny girl, tired after excitement of the day, grew sleepy and fretful. Alan stopped an uproarious game, sat down upon a rock, and lifted her in his arms. She lay there contentedly, her little black head nestled in his shoulder.

A pain that, in its poignancy, was almost physical, gripped Barbara's heart. Great tears welled up suddenly and ran down her cheeks. Moved by an irresistible impulse she darted forward and snatched the child from him. "No, no, no! I can't bear—that! Let them go home. . . . It is time they went home. . . ."

For a moment he peered at her, bereft of speech. Then he rose, and called Laalo.

"I will take them home," he said quietly.

When he returned, she had sunk upon the rock he had vacated. With eyes tragic in their intensity, she watched him approach. He came close to her. With one of his old swift movements he raised her chin with his hand, so that she met the penetration of his gaze.

"Barbara!" he muttered, "this will drive us mad. We are human, not gods."

She drew away, hiding her face in her hands. The very touch of his fingers sent an electric current racing through her veins. To continue like this was becoming daily more impossible.

Presently she rose, not daring to speak, and turned from him into the hut.

Blindly, bewildered, Barbara groped

her way, step by step, through a maze of uncertainty. The day with the native children had been a revelation. Never before had she realized the passion of longing which possessed her. . . . And by her own self-revelation she judged the suffering of the man waiting for her decision. The clamor of another's need grew insistent, dominating. . . . More and more did the life of previous years seem pale and unreal. . . . The fears for the future, the burden of his responsibilities, grew fainter, assumed new aspects.

There came a night when Alan, after being away all day returned moody, irritable, impatient of all the trivial subjects with which she endeavored to make conversation.

"Have you been working in the plantation?" she asked, after several unsuccessful attempts during supper.

"No."

He ate a banana, and threw away the skin. "What's the good of it all?" he asked impatiently. "It will lead nowhere."

"It's occupation," she faltered.

"Occupation? Yes. Occupation for the sake of occupation? Is that all life is to be worth? My God! What an outlook!"

"This was another of Barbara's fears. How long would the limited interests of the island, shorn of a deeper outlet, suffice for a man of his temperament?"

"You are doing a lot of good among the natives," she suggested, feeble though she knew the remark to be.

"Good?" He gave an impatient laugh. "Lord! Don't credit me with the instincts of a missionary! That's only 'occupation.' One hour, if we left this place, and they would forget it all."

This bitterness, this dreary desolation of voice and mien, so unlike the old Alan of indomitable resource and optimism, cut Barbara to the heart. For she understood.

"Alan! Alan!" she cried, stretching out a hand.

But he shook his head. "No, I can't—I—daren't. I'm only fit for the devil tonight."

She rose, her lips trembling, and went toward him.

"Don't! Alan, don't shut me out! I—understand—"

"Understand? You can't, or—?" Suddenly he seized her, almost viciously, dragging her up against him. With shaking hands he pressed back her head, and laid his hot lips upon her neck.

"I'll—force you to give in—one day," he muttered thickly.

She did not struggle; but she trembled violently in his grasp. For a long moment his eyes burned into hers. But, among the answering passion they saw there, lay the purity which was the very essence of her being.

As abruptly as he has seized her, he let her go again.

"I told you I was only fit for the devil tonight," he said huskily. "Let me be. . . . for God's sake, let me be."

She turned, quivering in every limb, and ran into the hut.

For hours she lay, deaf and blind to all around, alone with her God. . . . And gradually a great peace stole over her spirit. Imperceptibly, the last mountain rolled slowly away. As one tired out after long, victorious warfare, she lay, motionless, the moonlight falling through the little window upon her white-robed figure.

After a time she rose and looked once more upon the waves she loved so well; a wondrous shining in her eyes. And all the perfumed beauty of the night blended in the tender, passionate craving to be with him who, also, had striven, and suffered, and conquered.

Slipping on her old Japanese wrapper, she passed noiselessly out of her room. He had, she knew, not gone in to bed.

Moved by some instinct, she turned, stumbling over the rough ground, and ascended the eastern slopes, where they had watched the dawn on that Christmas day nearly a year ago.

IV

A group of rough bowlders, moss-covered, commanded a long view over the eastern shore of the island, while forming a shelter from the wind. The girl approached them; then, at a sudden soft sound, stood still, her heart beating rapidly. Noiselessly rounding them, she discovered the man she sought stretched upon the ground, his head thrown back upon clasped arms, his eyes dreaming far away over the softly outlined scene below.

For a moment she fingered the folds of her thin garment, watching him. Then the wind fluttered one of her loose sleeves; and his gaze flashed back from far distances. Turning his head, he saw the figure standing, motionless, by his side.

She stood perfectly still, her hands pressed upon the garment at her breast, the wind waving her cloudy hair, her lips a little parted, her blue eyes darkly shining in the faint light.

Once—twice—she tried to speak, but the words would not come; she could only envelop him, as it were, in the radiant glory of her face.

Suddenly a great wave of understanding broke over him, rendering him for a moment breathless, blinded, bewildered. Then, instinctively, he raised his arms. With a little tentative cry the girl allowed him to take her, trembling in her capitulation, clinging to him, submitting, without resistance, to the storm of passion at last set free. His kisses burned into her soft flesh, his arms crushed her well-nigh breathless; she was carried away by the tide of his ardor, responsive, glowing.

Barbara had crossed her Rubicon for all time.

Presently he sat down upon the rocks, still holding her to him.

"You—came to tell me?" he whispered, his face close to hers, his eyes piercing to her very soul.

"Yes," she whispered back.

After a time she raised herself, still in his arms.

"Alan, I—couldn't tell you before; until I felt convinced that all—was right. You understand; don't you? It was because I loved you so, dear heart, not—fear, or coldness—"

"I understand," he murmured, laying his cheek against hers. "I always understood. It was the beauty of me that sometimes seemed not to. . . . When, Barbara?"

Her head fell back upon his breast; with a little throbbing sigh, she renounced her will to him.

"Whenever—you like, Alan."

"At dawn?" he whispered. "It will soon be here. When the sun rises over the water it shall witness our—marriage rites?"

The passion had died out of his voice, and a note almost of awe had crept in. They remained, sometimes silent, sometimes discussing, in low tones, their forthcoming bridal, while the moonlight waned, and the wonderful blue-black of the southern night softened and paled.

Presently Alan lowered the hand he held near his cheek and opened the fingers.

"What can we do about a wedding ring?" he asked.

"Oh! Does that matter?"

"I should like to see you wearing one—of mine. Wait!" he continued, searching in the pockets of his frayed breeches. He displayed a collection of keys, a pocket knife, and a pencil, suspended upon a small tin key ring.

"Will this do? It's better than nothing."

"It looks about the right size, and will do beautifully. Oh, Alan! how I shall love it!"

He smiled, a world of tenderness in his eyes. "Look," he said. "Dawn is breaking."

Early birds began to chirp and whistle, away in the forest; the dancing waves turned a steely gray. The wind had dropped, leaving a great silence. It seemed as if nature were holding her breath, waiting for the dawn not far off. . . . When at last the sun's first long shaft of gold quivered across the water, the man rose and set the girl gently upon her feet. The hand in his trembled a little; but she met his eyes bravely, smilingly.

With only the birds for witness, the sound of the surf for choir, the radi-



The Sound of the Surf for Choir.

ance of the eastern sky for altar, simply and from their hearts' depths these two pledged their troth. The few chief sentences from the marriage service were chosen by Barbara for their only rites.

There would be many, away in the world, to scoff, many to condemn. But no outward consecration of ground, no army of ordained priests, could have rendered more sacred that moment when the hush was broken by their low-voiced vows.

Peregrine the "Destiny that shapes our ends," seeing all things, reading all hearts, who had flung these two together upon this far garden of His own creation, and given them there the one supreme gift which is part of Himself, would understand and accept their vows:

"To love and to cherish till death us do part. . . . And thereto I plight thee my troth."

Their voices did not falter. The small tin ring encircled the girl's finger; they stood silent a while, with locked hands. Then he drew her toward him, and very gently their lips met.

"My wife!" he breathed.

Barbara bathed, dressed, and got breakfast, with no thought of fatigue after a sleepless night. Her heart seemed almost unbearably full. As she watched the smoke curl up from her own fire, and that rising from Meama's hut, she resembled the primi-

tive woman glorying in this life shorn of all false trappings. Was not Meama likewise cooking food for her man? In the south, too, the native women were so employed. Man and his mate—in palace or hovel, in mansion or hut! All the artificiality hiding the big realities faded away with the worlds beyond the blue horizon.

It was the same with Alan. Like some fine, strong, wild thing, he dived, swam and splashed in the river; then returned for breakfast, ravenously hungry, singing as he swung down the bay.

"I have a great surprise!" Barbara announced. "Here is a tin of 'bully beef.' I saved it for any emergency. Shall we have it for our wedding feast, as a special treat?"

He shouted with laughter. "Lord! To think of 'bully' becoming a special treat for a wedding feast! Bring it along, O wise and thrifty woman."

They ate their "wedding feast" in a mossy shady dell; and even the memory of Aunt Dolly, who unconsciously had provided it, failed to cast more than a momentary shadow across their joy.

Alan lay along the bottom of the boat, his head pillowed in Barbara's lap, as the sun began to sink.

"Well?" he asked. "Have you found a desert island honeymoon very attractive? What about the big cities where you expected to 'feel life'?"

She laughed low, passing caressing fingers through his hair. "I have no other heart's desire. You are life itself to me now, Alan. That's why—"

"You came to me last night?" he suggested softly, as she stopped.

She nodded. The boat drifted idly, caressed by the soft breeze, rocking gently with the tide.

"Thank God you did," he murmured, after a pause. "Everything was becoming—unbearable."

She trailed her fingers in the water, lost in thought.

"It was strange," she observed presently. "That the day on which I that began to feel—what you had become to me—should have been my wedding day!"

"Those first months here nearly drove me mad—until I was sure the field was clear," he replied. "Then I meant to win!"

"Oh, Alan!" With sudden passion she drew his head back against her breast. "If I lost you—my husband—I should die."

He turned in her arms, and pressed his lips to her soft neck.

"Barbara! It means—all that—to you, at last!"

They stayed in the boat until darkness had fallen. Then Alan took the oars he had fashioned, and paddled back to land.

Silence fell upon them as they neared the shore. It was the hour when exterior things diminished to nothingness, and the Big Things were too vast for conversation. He beached the boat, then slipped his arm around the girl and drew her toward the hut.

"Our wedding night, Barbara," he whispered.

Her feet lingered a little, and she paused now and then to admire beauties of scent or sound; the rising moon showed her face tremulous. Outside the dark hut, she drew herself free, turning toward the sea as though loath to leave it. It seemed as though she were silently bidding farewell to some part of her life; and the man behind her stood motionless, his eyes on her averted head, silently waiting, making no attempt to touch her.

At last, slowly, she turned and held out her hands. He took them close to his.

"Come, my dearest," he said.

Cost of Stamp Production

To supply the nation with its yearly output of postage stamps, more than 80 acres of spruce trees are needed. Ink, paper and gum, besides, are required, so that one million dollars' worth of supplies goes through the stamp machines every day.

Ship Struck by Meteor

In 1905 the sailing ship *Eclipse*, on a voyage from England to San Francisco, was struck by a meteor, which crashed through the deck and through the whole fabric of the vessel, making a hole through which the water poured.

Lex in Revolution

Four persons by the name of Leo took important parts in the American Revolution—Gen. Charles, dismissed by congress for disobedience, Richard Henry and his brothers, Arthur and Francis Lightfoot of Virginia.

Kept in Cage Eleven Years

Jean de la Balue, French ecclesiastic and politician of the fifteenth century, incurred the displeasure of King Louis XI, who had him shut up in an iron cage for eleven years, from 1469 to 1480.

Misquoted With Effect

A hard-worked Georgia editor got Scripture mixed, to suit his own case, in this wise: "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap."—

Weak Humans Nature

Of course, all of us are bawling like the mischief for a square deal, but deep down every mother's son of us wants a copper-riveted cinch.—Hous-

ton Post-Dispatch.

Br'er Williams

"Don't argue with a fool," says Brother Williams, "for that does give him a chance to make a fool of you."—Atlanta Constitution.

Helping the Boy

For, after all, the love, the patience, the kindly wisdom of a grown man who can enter into the perplexities and turbulent impulses of a boy's heart, and give him cheerful companionship, and lead him on by free and joyful ways to know and choose the things that are pure and lovely and of good report, make as fair an image as we can find of that loving, patient wisdom which must be above us all if any good is to come out of our childish race.—Henry Van Dyke.

A New Fad—Perhaps

We sometimes have to go outside of our own door to learn what is going on inside. Thus from Canada we get the information that the latest American fad is the sending of engraved cards announcing the sender's divorce. An example given runs thus: "Mrs. John Henry Howard is pleased to announce

Her husband, John Henry, is given the bounce."

—Boston Transcript.

The Crooked Line

You need not be alarmed because you cannot walk straight with your eyes closed. The time to be alarmed is when you cannot do it with your eyes open! Few people can shut their eyes and walk in a straight line; for the simple reason that few pairs of legs are of exactly the same length. Thus, without the usual signs to guide one—a guidance, of course, unconsciously accepted—the steps become uneven.

Needed Compass Change

The United States Geological survey says that a compass should be changed about one degree every 20 years. This change is necessary, as the magnetic pole toward which the needle of a compass points and the North pole are not the same. The magnetic pole shifts, and therefore the change must be made in the compass to make up for the shift of the magnetic pole.

Record Hailstones

The maximum possible size of hailstones cannot be positively stated, but stones larger than a man's fist and weighing more than a pound have several times been reported. During a hailstorm in Natal, on April 17, 1874, stones fell that weighed one and one-half pounds. Hailstones 14 inches in circumference fell in New South Wales in February, 1847.

Japanese Use of Seaweed

Coarse forms of seaweed are utilized by the Japanese for the manufacture of a variety of objects, such as cloths, picture frames, and electric switchboards, while a substitute for cotton is made by blending the two kinds of seaweed called in Japanese "segumo" and "gomogum."

Self-Help

Self-help is a great virtue, provided one only helps oneself to a fair share. The ideal of independence is to acquire as little service as possible from others, while being ready to give to others as much service as lies within one's capacity.

Drive Away Mice

If a trap, or the best remedy, a cat, is objected to in ridding a house of mice, try plugging the mouseholes with bits of sponge or cotton wool saturated with oil of peppermint, and sprinkle the oil in places frequented by the pests.

Facts About Ant

The brain of an ant is about the size of the head of a darning needle. These insects live from eight to ten years as a general rule, although specimens in captivity have been known to reach the age of fifteen.

Home Decorating

A small window can be given extra width and height by setting curtain rods beyond the casing on each side and at the top and using material for draperies heavy enough to cover the deception.

High Engine Speed

The highest engine revolution known is alleged to have been reached by a new design of internal spindle grindstone used to grind cylinders. The shaft revolves 80,000 times a minute.

Hermit Crab's Protection

The hermit crab, says Nature Magazine, protects itself by inserting its abdomen into some empty shell which it carries about in all of its wanderings.

Securing Loose Casters

Loose casters can be made secure by filling up the hole with melted paraffin and resetting the caster while the wax is still hot.

Much Mercury From Spain

More than one-fourth the world's total output of mercury comes from the Monte Amiata mercury mines of Spain.

Chinese vs. English

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring to have water introduced into their residences, or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Front.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Ancient Commerce Body

The chamber of commerce of New York was formed in 1793 and the charter granted at that time by King George III of England was to "The chamber of commerce of the city of New York in America." When the United States was established the association was reincorporated under the laws of the state of New York and the name changed to the chamber of commerce of the state of New York.

Get Busy

You must select your work; you shall take what your brain can, and drop all the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing. No matter how much faculty of the idle seeing a man has, the step from knowing to doing is rarely taken. It is a step out of a chink circle of timidity into fruitfulness.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Various Mourning Colors

Black is not universally used as a sign of mourning. The South Sea Islanders use black and white stripes, indicating sorrow and hope, while in Ethiopia a grayish brown, the color of the earth, is worn. In Persia the mourning color is light brown, and in Syria and Armenia sky blue, an indicative of heaven. In Turkey it is violet, and in China white, as an emblem of hope.

Extracting Flower Essence

Perfume must be drawn from the bloom on the day that it is plucked. In 24 hours the delicate aroma is almost gone. Many flowers are required to produce small amounts of the perfume. It takes about two tons of violet blossoms, for instance, to make about two pounds of essence of violets.

Real Health Resort

The Falkland Islands have one of the most salubrious climates in the world. Against 55 births recorded there in 1923, there were only 15 deaths. The population, estimated, is 2,142, of which 1,205 are males. There was no sickness of serious character throughout the year.

Asking Too Much of Fox

She was in Alaska looking over a fox farm. After admiring a beautiful silver specimen she asked her guide: "Just how many times can the fox be skinned for his fur?" "Three times, madam," said the guide gravely. "Any more than that would spoil his temper."

Few Aggressive Snakes

The Department of Agriculture says that the king cobra of Asia has been known to follow and attack persons, and the large constricting snakes of the tropics also at times are aggressive. The poisonous snakes of the United States usually do not attack men unless molested.

An Angle

Jud Tunkin says 'tryin' to please some men makes 'em feel so important that you don't get any thanks.—Kansas City Star.

No Real Claim to Honor

There are no definite records to show that Stratford-on-Avon was the birthplace of Shakespeare.

Has Long Made Music

An organ in the Philippine Islands has furnished music for more than 100 years.

Sleep for the Nervous

A specialist in nervous diseases says that women should sleep nine hours at night and one hour in the daytime.

Idea Not Asked For

"What time is it?" "I haven't the faintest idea." "Yes, I know, but what time is it?"—C. O. N. Y. Mercury.

Elevate Chiefs at Death

Natives of Borneo bury their chiefs in small houses similar to bird houses built high in the air.

Right Must Prevail

Right is the eternal sun; the world cannot delay its coming.—Wendell Phillips.

Hindustan Proverb

If you ask the hungry man how many are two and two, he replies four loaves.

Gift of the Fairies Is Offered to All

The man who is continually wrapped up to himself makes a rather small parcel. It is a capital letter, but only a small word in the story of mankind, the Washington Post comments.

Some people seem to possess the Peter Pan quality of never growing old. A man like Chauncey Depew remains youthful in heart and outlook even though he has seen ninety summers or more.

This magic is a gift of the fairies to all who keep in touch with the Angel of Hope, an angel whose favorite haunt is with little folk the world over.

Imagination, the mother of sympathy, is most conspicuous in childhood, but it remains potent and plastic, as long as we give it even half a chance. What are the nursery rhymes but verses which have been adapted and molded by the fancies of the wee folk, when the bigger folk found other matters of greater interest?

Your after year our English nursery stories appear in new editions, popular throughout the centuries by reason of their irresistible appeal to the child mind.

These old-world stories are a child's birthright—the heirlooms of humanity—and many a grown-up retains a lingering affection for those friends of the days of yore.

Childishness and childlikeness are as different as the North and the South pole. The good points in childhood are not to be despised by any man unless he wants to grow old before his time. The sense of wonder, the craving to know more, the sheer joy in being alive, the nimble fancy—such traits as these are good enough for anyone. They will help us to take life as it comes, in a good-natured way.

One gift of the fairies may be ours—the spirit of youth, the desire for more light. This is the mystic gift which the fairies bestow upon all who stoop to conquer.

Relic of Baal Worship

In some parts of the highlands of Scotland an old May day custom called "Beltain" is still continued. Beltain in reality signifies the "Fire of Baal," a festival in the sun's honor, observed almost within living memory. The Highlander ever showed respect to the sun, as in the careful way he would approach a fountain to drink by moving from east to west, which is called in Gaelic the lucky way. The ceremony of Beltain would bring all herdsman together from the villages, to assemble round a fire and dress a cauldron of eggs, butter, and oatmeal. Each man would take an onion cake having also square knobs, dedicated to some preserver or destroyer of flocks and herds, and on breaking off a knob would fling it over his shoulder, saying, "This I give to thee, preserve thou my sheep," or "This to thee, O fox! spare my lambs—this to thee, O hooded crow—this to thee, eagle!" And so to the feast.

English Lark an Artist

Lovers of the wonderful English lark, which rises straight up from the earth and warbles so melodiously until it eludes the eye on account of its altitude, say the lark sings according to book—not merely unpremeditated art. Opening with a prelude, vivace crescendo, this carries the sonner to his airy watch tower. Impatience during the ascent is the ruling idea. Then the song becomes moderate, broken into short phrases, each repeated several times, making a fantasia. While hovering, head to wind, the arbor gives way to self-satisfied calm. And as the singer comes down so, by gradations, his melody sinks. Some say they have made out that the number of the notes accords exactly with the beating of the wings.

Unprogressive Poets

"Mexico," says an American who has spent much time in that distracted country, "honors her poets, but she esteems the patriot above the poet and would like her authors to draw their images from the life around them rather than from conventional literature."

"Our poets are good writers," a Mexican official once assured me, "but they ever speak of nightingales and larks, gazelles and hyacinths." "Yes?" I murmured questioningly. "Without venturing," continued the Mexican, in a reproachful voice, "to give place in their verses to the cullacoe or to the zeutronti or to the cocomiti or to the polozochiti!"

Iodine and Goitre

The belief that the disease of goitre is due to the want of iodine in the thyroid gland has been attacked by a distinguished European physician. Yet two goitre sections of the United States, centering in Michigan and Idaho, are the ones where, analysis shows, there is the least iodine in the water. It has been computed that it would take a human being a thousand years to drink enough Lake Superior water to obtain as much iodine as exists in the thyroid gland. The places where goitre is the least prevalent, along the seashores, are those having the most iodine in the surface waters.—Toledo Blade.

Made Her Sick

Bertha had blood poisoning in her foot and the doctor had been obliged to cut and trim the wound which, of course, frightened the child.

One day, on seeing the doctor approaching, Bertha began to cry.

Mother said: "Don't cry, dear, the doctor is coming to make you well." "He doesn't," cried Bertha. "He ticks me every time he comes."

HAVE CURIOUS WAYS OF DESCRIBING TIME

Primitive People Sometimes Use Puzzling Expressions.

The first time you begin to interrogate a New Hebridean about the time a thing happens in the night, he will puzzle you by pointing up into the sky. Then an old stager will tell you that he is pointing to the spot which the sun would have reached had it been daytime—a good idea, in a land where clocks are unimagined.

"My son will be back in a quid-chew," declares the Javanese, meaning five minutes, the time it takes to chew a quid of sili. After waiting half an hour you return and say, "It is now 'kuy,' cooking time (the time it takes to cook a 'kuy' of rice), and he is not here." "Sorry," says the native; "he has sent a message that he cannot be here until a 'gangtang' cooking time" (the time it takes to cook a "gangtang" of rice, about 90 minutes).

"The lion came in the silence of the land," explains the African Babwende race, meaning at midnight.

An exasperating custom of the Bismarck Islanders is to tell you that a thing happened as long ago as it takes to walk from some place you have never heard of to another place you have never heard of. In one village the standard expression for four hours was the time that it took a lame old woman to hobble half way to the other side of the island. That was as clear as any clock-ticking to the villagers, who had known the old lady for years—but it didn't help the stranger much!

Some tropical races say, "That happened just before the turning of the snake." Along the coast a stiff wind suddenly blows in from the sea shortly before sunset.

The natives of Madagascar have one of the jolliest primitive time systems. Midnight they call Center of Night; 2 a. m. is, Frog-croaking; 5:15 a. m. is Glimmer of Day; 5:30 a. m. is Unlucky People Awake; 6 a. m. is Sunrise; 6:15 a. m. is Cattle Go Out; 6:30 a. m. is Leaves Are Dry; 9 a. m. is Sun Over Eaves; 12 noon is Sun Over Roof Ridge; 2 p. m. is Day Slips; and so it goes in detail until 9:30 p. m. which is Everyone in Bed.

The Nandi, an African race, have a rather similar toll of hours, puzzling at first to the newcomer, but as clear to themselves as any numbered hours to us. A Nandi afternoon runs thus: Noon, the Sun Has Stood Upright; 12:30 p. m., the Goats Have Drunk Water; 1 p. m., the Sun Turns; 1:30 p. m., the Drones Hum; 2 p. m., the Oxen Feed; 3 p. m., the Goats Have Drunk Water; 4 p. m., the Oxen Are Watered a Second Time; 4:30 p. m., the Goats Sleep; 5 p. m., Take Goats Home; 5:30 p. m., Goats Enter Kraal; 6 p. m., Sun Finished; 6:15 p. m., Milk Cows; 6:45 p. m., Can't See Man Nor Beast; 7 p. m., the Heavens Are Fastened; 8 p. m., Porridge Is Finished; 9 p. m., Those Who Have Drunk Milk Are Asleep; 10 p. m., the Huts Are Closed; 11 p. m., Those Who Sleep Early Wake Up; and 12 is Night's Middle.—Manchester Guardian.

Narrow Escape

Karl Hoblitzelle, president of the Interstate Amusement company, who is in Boston for a few days, tells of meeting a very absent-minded old man, who came to visit the Dallas Majestic. He talked with Mr. Hoblitzelle for a while, and then after looking all over the theater, said he would journey on.

A minute later he returned, evidently much worried. "I have mislaid my hat. Has anyone in this office seen it?" he asked.

"Why, it's on your head," said Mr. Hoblitzelle, pointing.

"Gracious," said the old man. "I nearly went off without it!"—Houston Post.

Leading Question

Mrs. Dean Bond, librarian of the Indiana State Normal school, has a keen sense of humor. The other day she watched a young man hunting through the book stacks for a book. He was heard to ask another young man for the book for which he was hunting.

It was called "Good English."

He asked for it in this manner: "Have you ever heard 'Good English'?"

Mrs. Bond laughed. But she laughed still harder when the fellow came to her and asked: "Do you know 'Good English'?"—Indianapolis News.

More Corn Now

It took 80 rows of corn to make a wagonload three years ago from a field on the farm of V. H. Price of Tipton county, Tenn. But for three years this farmer has been demonstrating soil building through growing legumes, in co-operating with the county agricultural agent, planting lespedeza and following with corn and soy beans. In 1923, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture, only 20 rows of corn from this field were needed to make a wagonload.

Pies by Machinery

A newly patented mixing machine turns out pies at the rate of fifteen a minute, "never touched by human hands." After the rims are lined with crust, trimmed and crimped on the edges, they are passed along to reservoirs containing different kinds of filler and automatically stopped to receive the kind of material desired. Then they are passed along to the oven. The finished product is known as an "open-face pie."

Odd Epitaphs Seen in Old Graveyards

In accordance with his wishes the grave of Henry Long in Massachusetts is marked by a stone on which is inscribed, "Henry Long. I still live." A hard-headed, matter-of-fact friend who questioned this statement left directions that his monument be inscribed with this: "James Maguire, dead, and I own up to it."

On the stone marking the spot where reposes all that is mortal of Doctor Walker, author of "Walker's British Particles," is inscribed, "Here lies Walker's Particles." A similar punning effect is exhibited by the epitaph of one Doctor Fuller, "Fuller's earth." Equally brief and wistful touched by a bit of grim humor is the inscription over the grave of Thomas Maghlin, "Fins, Maghlin's."

Bill Nye, the humorist, once ran across a monument on which this inscription was neatly lettered: "Here we have a widow bereft; Richard on the right and Tom on the left." He suggested that the couple might have been improved by the addition of the following: "And if she had outlived a couple of more she could have had one behind and another before."

One cannot be quite certain what the bereaved husband had in mind when he composed this epitaph for his departed spouse: "This dear little spot is the joy of my life—it raises my flowers and covers my wife." Some-what more pointed is this posthumous eulge: "Here lies in silent clay Miss Arabella Young, who, on the 21st of May began to hold her tongue."

On a stone under which sleeps Jonathan Oakes is this terse, matter-of-fact inscription: "Here lies the body of Jonathan Oakes, who lived and died like other folks." The son of a deceased tavern keeper brought down two birds with one stone when he set the stone over his parent's grave and had cut into it these lines: "Beneath this stone in hope of Zen is laid the body of the Lion. Resigned unto the heavenly will his son keeps on the business still."—Kansas City Star.

Unsuited for Discipline

An Irish attorney who was very lame was moved during the time of trouble in Ireland to take part in military preparations. Learning that among the various volunteer corps being raised was one of lawyers, he decided to join it.

"My dear friend," he remarked to John Philpot Curran, the Irish wit, "these are not times for a man to be idle; I am determined to join the lawyers' corps and follow the camp."

"You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" said Curran. "Tut! Tut! Renounce the idea; you never can be a disciplinarian."

"And why not, Mr. Curran?"

"For this reason," was the reply; "the moment you were ordered to march you would halt!"—Youth's Companion.

Rearing Trout in England

Some of the quaintest passengers ever carried by the railway companies may be seen just now at some north country stations. Swimming about in big iron tanks, there are baby trout which angling associations in Yorkshire and Lancashire are importing to restock their fishing waters.

Ranging from ten weeks to two years old, they vary in length from four to ten inches. They have all been hand-reared in some of the Cumberland or Northumberland hatcheries, and, despite the railway journey, they arrive so tame that they will feed from the hand, says London Tit-Bits.

After a month in their new home, however, they will be wild enough to provide all the sport the most enthusiastic angler can desire.

Most Common Metal

Iron is the metal most used by man, yet the metal which is by far the commonest in the earth's crust is not iron, but calcium. Forty per cent of limestone is calcium, says London Tit-Bits. Calcium is a very light metal, easily hammered, easily drawn out into wire and almost as pretty in color as gold. Why, then, you may ask, do we not make more use of it?

There are two reasons; the first that it is very difficult to isolate from its ores, but the second is worse. When isolated, let the merest drop of moisture touch calcium and it fizzes away into slaked lime. The present price of calcium is about twenty times that of gold.

Saving Window Shade

A simple method of doubling the life of a window shade, half of which has become soiled, is to remove the shade from the top of the roller and hem the end thus removed. Then remove the stick from the hem at the bottom, or soiled portion of the shade, and slip it into the new hem. Next cut off the old hem at the bottom of the soiled portion of the shade and attach the raw edge to the roller. The bottom, or soiled portion of the shade now becomes the top and, when the shade is drawn down half the length of the window, a clean new shade appears.

Modern Midas

Representative Mudd of Maryland was talking about a tricky politician. "The man's reputation was always a bit dubious," he said. "During one of his quasi-prosperous spells two senators were discussing him in a hotel lobby."

"Everything he touches," said the first senator, "seems to turn to gold." "Yes," said the second. "He touched me for a ten-spot this morning."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Dogs Need Frequent Release From Chain

The following humane appeal made by a correspondent in the Dog World shows pointedly how dogs are the victims of a cruel practice; how their dispositions may be spoiled, and their lives rendered unnatural and unhappy:

"May I plead through your columns for the better treatment of dogs who are continually chained, sometimes for weeks and months, without being liberated from their imprisonment? The other day a man stated in a police court that his dog had not been off the chain for twelve months; from its puppyhood, it had been fastened up without an hour of liberty."

"As a lover of dogs I hold that every dog is entitled to regular exercise, and that it is unjustifiable cruelty to imprison a dog for life. Such treatment makes a dog hopeless and miserable; he becomes dejected and often savage, and his health suffers seriously."

"A young dog can be trained to be a guard without chaining, and the best watchdogs are those which are not chained. Chains are a heritage of by-gone days and should be abolished."

"The best way to keep a dog that needs restraint is to put him in a yard with a high fence. If this is not practicable, fasten a wire across any yard; on this put an iron ring which, when attached by a cord to the dog's collar, will allow him to run backward and forward the full length of the wire. The yard should have shade as well as sunshine, to protect the dog from too great heat of the sun."

Make your dog your companion and friend. Treat him kindly and he will respond.

It is cruel to tie a dog under a wagon or allow him to follow an automobile or bicycle. Let him ride with you.

Fought to Establish

Jewish Independence

The Maccabees was the name of a family in Syria, which during the Second century before Christ, resisted the persecutions inflicted upon the Jewish nation by the Seleucidae.

After the death of Mattathias, the leader of the revolt, in 168 B. C., his son Judas Maccabaeus, defeated the Syrians in three battles; reconquered Jerusalem, purified the temple, and restored the worship of Jehovah, says the Kansas City Star. He was slain in ambush in 161 B. C., and was succeeded by his brother, Jonathan, who was raised to the dignity of high priest, but was afterward treacherously slain at Ptolemais in 144 B. C., by Tryphon, the guardian of the young prince Antiochus Theos.

His brother, Simon, then succeeded to the leadership of the commonwealth, and completely established the independence of the Jews. After seven years of beneficent rule, he was murdered, together with his two sons, by his son-in-law, Ptolemy, who vainly hoped to be chosen his successor. John Hyrcanus, son of Simon, was the next ruler. He renewed the alliance with Rome, conquered Idumea, and took the title of king; 107 B. C. Syria became a Roman province in 63 B. C.

Palladium in Legend

The Palladium was a famous wooden image of Pallas (Minerva), said to have been hurled from heaven by Zeus, and to have fallen near the tent of Ilius, while he was engaged in building Ilium (Troy). The oracle of Apollo having declared that the city should never be taken so long as Palladium was retained within its walls, the statue was placed in a sanctuary and carefully guarded. It was, however, finally stolen by Ulysses and Diomedes about 1184 B. C., and thus victory was secured to the Greeks. According to some accounts, Troy contained two Palladia, one of which was stolen and conveyed to one of the Greek cities, while the other was taken to Italy by Aeneas and secretly guarded by the Romans in the Temple of Vesta. The word "palladium" is sometimes used at the present day to signify a pledge of security and protection.—Kansas City Star.

Timber Well Protected

Outright theft of timber is rare in the national forests. Each year there are some cases of timber trespass, but usually these trespasses happen through no criminal intent. They are frequently due to imperfect title records on the part of private operators. The government maintains a corps of rangers and forest guards on the national forests, who in the course of their daily work are constantly traveling through the forest areas under their jurisdiction. This patrol prevents deliberate theft and discovers and corrects unintentional trespass. The penalty for deliberate trespass is severe and is applied rigorously.

Everything in Order

The name of the prisoner was Gunn. "And what is the charge?" inquired the magistrate.

"That Gunn was loaded with drink, your worship," answered the constable. "I wish to be let off, sir," pleaded the wretched man.

"Gunn, you are discharged," the magistrate told him.

And the report was in the papers next day.—London Tit-Bits.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

PASSPORT THIEVES BUSY IN EUROPE

Scores of Stolen Papers Are Reported Weekly.

Hamburg.—American passports and foreign passports vised for the United States are now worth their weight in gold in central Europe, and passport thieves are busy on trains, in hotels and on steamers and wharves.

Scores of stolen passports are reported weekly to American consular officials. It is a frequent occurrence for a foreigner who has obtained a vised document for America to have his papers stolen before he sails.

Americans are warned by consular officers to keep the numbers of their passports, and make speedy reports of theft to the nearest consul, so that the papers may be canceled from Washington and steps taken to prevent impostors from reaching the United States. Travelers are warned not to leave their passports in their luggage, even if it is locked, and advised to carry them in inside pockets beyond the reach of sneak thieves.

The situation has become particularly bad since the new American immigration law went into effect. There are evidences that organized gangs are dealing in papers supposed to guarantee entrance to America. Forgers can easily change names and photographs and descriptions.

While purchasers of altered passports will probably come to grief sooner or later, there are so many persons clamoring for admission to the United States that sharpers find a ready market for their stolen wares.

3,200,000 Vets Fail

to Apply for Bonus

Washington.—Announcement that applications for adjusted compensation have been received thus far from 1,300,000 veterans was made recently by Maj. Gen. Robert C. Davis, adjutant general. Veterans entitled to compensation total 4,500,000. General Davis urges that the applications of the others be filed promptly.

Of those 3,200,000 excluded so far about 400,000 have been passed and certificates for amounts due have been forwarded to the veterans' bureau.

"Our force of approximately 2,500 clerks is now working at maximum speed and efficiency," said General Davis. "The War department is now ready to receive, verify, and certify an average of 80,000 or more applications daily."

"It is imperative from the standpoint of economy in the administration of the act and consequent saving to the taxpayer that those veterans who intend to avail themselves eventually of the benefits conferred by the act should make their applications now."

French Scientist Makes

Synthetic Petroleum

Paris.—A French scientist has succeeded in producing synthetic petroleum. It was announced here recently at the scientific congress, which has as its object the relief of France from foreign oil monopolies.

The man who may revolutionize the world's oil trade is Professor Maille of Toulouse. Starting with vegetable and animal oils, he said he had been able to reconstitute gasoline with all of the properties which characterize the fluid when it is taken from the earth. The only obstacle to the cheap, unlimited production of synthetic petroleum, he said, was the production of cheap vegetable and animal oils.

France being one of the countries which contains no natural oil fields, there has been a great effort here for some time to find a means of producing a substitute for the high-priced foreign-controlled product.

Farm Land Melts in River

Neuman, Kan.—Acre after acre of fertile soil is gradually dropping into the Missouri river at two sharp bends west of Neuman, on the Missouri Pacific railroad, where the river slowly has been eating its way through ripening corn fields and melon patches toward the Kansas bluffs for several months.

Cow as Shield and

Gun Rest in Shooting

Stockville, Neb.—Will Schmeekle has sent to the stockyards at St. Joseph an old red cow that had served him most efficiently as a hunter of wild ducks and geese. The cow had been efficiently trained along this line by Schmeekle and when he went in the quest of the wild waterfowl, instead of a dog he would sally forth with the red hunting cow.

That part of Nebraska where Schmeekle lives is dotted with numerous lakes and streams, where wild ducks and geese like to feed. When Schmeekle would see a flock of ducks or geese alight on one of these streams he would go on the off side of the cow, crouch down low and, guiding her by one ear, maneuver her close to where the birds were feeding. When he got close enough to the birds he would straighten up and let the buckshot fly, usually bagging several of the birds at one shot. The old cow was not in the least disturbed by the shooting.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, November 27, 1824

The votes for Presidential electors in this state have been received and counted. The Adams ticket has 2145, the opposition 200.

Thursday next will be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving in this state, Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont. In Connecticut and New Jersey on December 9.

A resolution is before the New York legislature recommending the electors to vote for such candidate for President as will prevent the election going to Congress.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, December 1, 1849

Henry Castoff is to be the name of the large and commodious sloop which is to be launched today. She was built by Wm. H. Crandall & Son. She is intended for a New York packet and will be commanded by Captain John Heath, one of the most driving and thriving Captains on the Sound. The sloop is owned by Charles Stevens, Joshua Sayer, Henry Castoff and John Heath.

A hog only 20 months old and weighing 761 pounds was recently slaughtered on the island.

James Horswell, Esq., having resigned his office of Permanent Inspector of this Port, Capt. Alexander G. Swasey has been appointed in his place.

During the past week twenty vessels have arrived at this port from foreign parts.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, November 28, 1874

Mr. Mark Spencer brought to our office a few days ago a beet weighing fourteen pounds, and its length was something over two feet. This mammoth specimen of vegetable order was brought from New York to show Rhode Islanders what a big state can do. Rhode Island soil is too valuable to be monopolized in that way.

Somebody while standing in line in front of the bank waiting his turn to draw his money from the Franklin Savings Institution, fell in love with the girl in front of him, and takes three columns of the Bristol Phoenix to tell the public about it.

Mr. Smith tells us that his sales for 1874 will be over five hundred thousand dollars, and that he has rented the past season over one hundred houses, at a rental of from five hundred to five thousand dollars; also many of the largest houses have already been rented for 1875.

A young lady and gentleman, aged respectively twelve and thirteen years, were married in a nearby town last week. When last seen they were quarrelling over a pound of candy and throwing out vague intimations of a divorce.

Two women have been convicted in this city for violating the prohibitory law. Thirty persons have been arrested in Bristol for the same offense. This is a pretty tall record for a town the size of Bristol.

There was a turkey shoot, greased pig, and a variety of other sports at the farther end of Second Beach on Thanksgiving Day.

Postmaster Coggeshall is receiving much praise for keeping the lobby of the Postoffice open on Thanksgiving Day from 5.40 a. m. to 8.00 p. m.

There have been some large sales of land on Jamestown the past week.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, November 25, 1899

Ever since the mysterious disappearance of Rev. Charles E. Preston from Jamestown, under circumstances which led to the belief that he had committed suicide, persistent rumors have been about that he had been seen in various places. The latest was that he had been seen in Germany. There appears to be no ground for this rumor.

Congressman Bull has interested himself to obtain for Newport one of the captured Spanish cannon. His application to the Navy Department has been favorably received and the cannon will doubtless be soon forthcoming.

An effort is being made to have the new fortification at Jamestown named Fort Wetherell, in honor of Capt. Alexander Macomb Wetherell, 6th U. S. Infantry, who was killed while leading his company at the charge on San Juan Hill.

Governor Dyer has ordered a salute of minute guns fired by the artillery organizations of the state from two to three o'clock this afternoon, when the funeral of the late Vice President Garret A. Hobart takes place.

Work on the new City Hall has progressed so far that the timbers and planking for the roof are being placed in position. The stone work is about completed.

Tomorrow will be the anniversary of the Novembr blizzard which created such havoc in this vicinity last year.

The residents of Jamestown are much aroused over the epidemic of thieving which prevails in that place.

According to despatches from Ma-

hilla the 26th U. S. Infantry has been in another fight with the Filipinos and has some men wounded.

Work on the new sidewalks about the city has been suspended for the season.

Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt will give a Thanksgiving dinner to the newboys as usual. (Twenty-five years later she is still giving the Thanksgiving dinners.

INFERIOR TO U. S.

In a recent article "Concerning the Telephone," the London Evening Standard admits that "we have not" in Great Britain "a telephone service that even approaches the American service either in quantity or quality."

After citing statistics to prove that the United States is far ahead of England in respect to telephone service, the article in the London paper says: "These are very remarkable figures. Especially when one remembers that when the telephone was invented all the leading industrial nations were equally well placed for developing it and applying it to their own conditions. The United States had no natural advantages whatever. It had, on the contrary, the disadvantage of having to contend with enormous distances."

The writer in the Standard attributes the inferiority of the British telephone system to the fact that it is a part of the postal service. "The Post Office," he declares, "showed not the slightest provision of what the telephone was destined to become, or of how it ought to be popularized, or of the proper policy demanded in the public interests for its regulation. It hampered the private companies * * * and then used the backwardness of their service as an argument for government ownership," which finally came about.

In conclusion, the English journalist asks: "Are we not making in regard to wireless, the same disastrous mistakes that we made forty years ago in regard to the telephone?"

THE RADIO BROADCASTER A MODERN PAUL REVERE

When it was desired to mobilize 148 members of the 131st Infantry in Chicago the other night, the call was sent out by radio, with no previous warning. Within seven minutes the men began to appear at headquarters. The required number was there in less than half an hour. In two hours the entire regiment had answered the call.

It was simple enough. A large number of the infantrymen heard the call direct, and responded at once. Non-commissioned officers, getting the call over their home receiving sets, commandeered automobiles and rounded up all of their men who were not aware of the summons.

Here is the modern Paul Revere—the radio broadcaster. It will be a simple matter from now on to notify any city, town or countryside that "the British are coming." It will be just as simple to spread news of any other public emergency and call regulars or volunteers to cope with the situation.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening, on account of the holiday on Thursday. An encouraging report was received from the Bellevue avenue pavement, it being stated that one side was completed, as far north as Narragansett avenue and that the other side would reach that point very soon. There was a question as to whether it would be advisable for the contractor to continue digging further north, but the matter was not settled.

The Texas Company was granted a license for the sale of gasoline on the site of the old Hassard stables at Spring and Touro streets. It was explained that it was the intention of the Company to erect a modern filling station at that point and to improve the property very materially. Some of the land will be thrown into the highway to permit of widening there.

A certain Down East lawyer being called upon to defend a man for stealing sheep whose heads were found in a flour barrel in his barn, maintained that the sheep were not stolen, but had strayed away, as was common in the spring. The prosecuting attorney replied: "Yes, I know sheep do stray away at this time of year, but they do not usually leave their heads in flour barrels in the hay-mow."

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Seabury of Providence spent the holiday with Colonel and Mrs. John C. Seabury.

Mr. William Carry, superintendent of Masonic Temple, is enjoying a short vacation.

Different Grapefruit

Grapefruit raised in the Cape of Good Hope country, South Africa, is much smaller than that of the United States, is less juicy and has the flavor of a slightly bitter lemon.

SUMMER TOURIST BUSINESS

The following editorial from the Providence News takes the right view of the situation. Now let the people of the state carry out the suggestion of the News:

Rhode Island's trade organizations, banking groups and other units, that are designed for the purpose of making the commonwealth a bigger, better and busier unit in the family of states, have one very imperative duty to perform.

They must get together immediately and launch a movement that will develop our summer tourist business.

Rhode Island, with its wonderful climate, picturesque coast line and nearness to the big centres of population, ought to be the summer playground of America. It is true that Rhode Island gets a goodly share of this ever-increasing business, but every business man knows that the surface of that business with such tremendous possibilities hasn't been scratched.

Florida, California, New Jersey and Maine have proved what can be accomplished in this regard through the agency of organized effort. Florida today is a rich commonwealth and developing at a pace that is astounding. What is the cause of this development? The tourist business.

The Florida Legislature, mindful that the tourist business is an industry that requires real direction and assistance, comes to the aid of trade organizations and appropriates money for advertising.

The glories of the state are broadcast to the world and Florida is the gainer. Other commonwealths are following the example of Florida, but Rhode Island is content to follow the old order of things and wait for business.

This is a day of keen competition and one that requires the scrapping of old ideas and the adoption of 20th century business methods.

We know what Rhode Island has to offer summer tourists, but let us go out into the highways and byways and sell our wares.

Let us tell the world what we have. If we do that we need not worry about results. We will get them, and in a volume that will compensate us for every dollar spent in the effort.

URGE FRANCE TO QUIT

The movement in France against the continuance of the government in the business of operating the French telephones has recently received additional support from a general meeting of the Chambers of Commerce of France at which 140 Chambers were represented. These representatives of industry from the various cities of France passed a resolution declaring that the present condition of the French telephone service proves that the government is unable to operate the service on an industrial and commercial basis, and urging the French government to submit to Parliament as soon as possible a bill to turn over the telephone system to private enterprise.

This resolution is substantially the same as one passed not long ago by the Paris Chamber of Commerce, which declared that both the equipment and the organization of the government telephone service were inadequate and that "the state has failed to take the necessary steps to facilitate and extend the use of the telephone." The annual deficits of the French telephone system, the Paris Chamber declared, are proof that the state is not qualified to administer the service on a commercial footing.

The old Bay State came near losing itself last week because it had nobody to look out for it. The Governor was in Florida, hobnobbing with the Governors of the other states of the Union; the Lieutenant-Governor was travelling in Europe to recuperate after an arduous political campaign; the Secretary of State was in New York celebrating the opening of a bridge, and the General Treasurer was in Connecticut shouting for the Harvard football team. This left only the State Auditor and he was at home sick. The suggestion was made that the commonwealth advertise for a governor, but it was finally concluded that the inhabitants of the commonwealth could struggle along for a few days without anybody to look out for them. From the latest reliable information received, the state is still a part of Uncle Sam's domain and none of its inhabitants have been carried away.

They have just found the oldest man in the world. He lives in Constantinople and claims to be 150 years old. He says he has lived all his life on dried peas and beans, raisins, figs, honey and raw sugar. He also consumes some eight pounds of bread a day. Based on that diet the doctors will tell you that he ought to have died one hundred and twenty-five years ago. He further says he never smoked nor tasted alcohol nor coffee, and drank water only once or twice a month. He claims to have been very moderate in the use of wives. He took three at a time when he was young. These all died and he took a fourth and fifth. The fifth is still living, but at 65 years of age, which he says is too old, and he is looking for a younger one.

The next four years are destined to put this country over the highest hurdle of business prosperity that it has ever experienced," Robert Newcomb, assistant to the vice-president of the New Haven railroad, told members of the district council of the New England Purchasing Agents' Association in convention at the Providence Biltmore Hotel.

Peter Johnson, 81-year-old inmate of the home farm, Worcester, Mass., confirmed the story of his wife, Mary, who says she served with the 53d Massachusetts regiment in the civil war, posing as a man. Mrs. Johnson's case is under investigation by the Worcester Red Cross in the hope that the aged woman may obtain pension allowance from the government.

Massachusetts stands second on the list in the number of students at Wellesley College, according to a statistical summary issued by that institution, with 284. New York takes the lead with 321 girls. Pennsylvania, is third with 168, and New Jersey fourth with 144. The total enrollment is 1583, a smaller number than usual because of stricter limitations.

The convention opened with Charles Olin, advertising manager of the New Departure Manufacturing Company of Detroit, Ct., as chairman. He ventured the opinion that in one year the inspiration of the convention would be felt throughout New England. He quoted figures to show that New England had lost 11 per cent. of her standing as a producer since 1899. This must not go on, he said. Frederick W. Bliss of Providence, chairman of the New England district of advertising clubs, stressed the need of expert advice in advertising. He showed how the cost of advertising when properly used is not added to the price of goods. He advised New England to study itself, get economic data and then sell itself to the rest of humanity.

The annual report of General Secretary Theodore A. Lothrop of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which was read at the annual meeting of the society, shows that there has been a big decrease in intemperance since the prohibition laws became effective. Before the advent of prohibition intemperance was found in 47.7 per cent of the families visited by the society's agents. Last year it had dropped to 23.2 per cent, and this year's records show it to be 21.9 per cent.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 25th, 1924.

Estate of Frank Davenport
ABIE M. DAVENPORT, Administrator of the estate of Frank Davenport, late of said Newport, deceased, presents her petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral, of supporting his family and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased, at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of an undivided one-half interest in the following estate, located on Thurston Avenue, in the city of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bounded and described as follows:—Southwesterly, fifty (50) feet on Thurston Avenue; Northwesterly one hundred (100) feet on land of Weaver and Friend; Southeasterly fifty (50) feet on land of Turner; Northeasterly one hundred (100) feet on land of Wilson, together with certain buildings thereon.

And praying that she may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the Fifteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

11-29 DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 24th 1924.

Estate of Patrick J. Boyle
ALICE B. BOYLE, of said Newport, Executor of the last will and testament of Patrick J. Boyle, late of said Newport, deceased, presents her petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral, of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased, at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of all that certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—Easterly on Clarke street; Southerly on Myer street; Easterly on land now or formerly of the City of Newport; and Northerly on land now or formerly of Lydia K. Melville; and containing two thousand nine hundred and fifty-eight (2958) square feet of land, more or less.

And further representing, that by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that she may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the Fifteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

11-29 DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE
New Shoreham Nov. 11, 1924.

Estate of Carrie E. Champlin
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that the last will and testament of Carrie E. Champlin, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the State of Rhode Island, and that Edward P. Champlin, her executor therein named, has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Probate Clerk.

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When you want the best in QUALITY, WEIGHT and SERVICE

CALL ON US

Over 40 years of catering to the grain buying public have placed us in a position to supply your every need in that line.

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FALL SHOES

Complete lines of medium weight shoes in the new styles for fall

School shoes, made to stand rugged wear, for boys and girls

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Over 40 years of catering to the grain buying public have placed us in a position to supply your every need in that line.

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Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50

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